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THE

HISTORY OF MONTROSE;

CONTAINING

IMPORTANT PARTICULARS IN RELATION TO ITS TRADE,  
MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, SHIPPING, ANTIQUITIES,  
EMINENT MEN, TOWN HOUSES OF THE NEIGH-  
BOURING COUNTRY GENTRY IN FORMER  
YEARS, &c., &c.

BY

DAVID MITCHELL, A.M.

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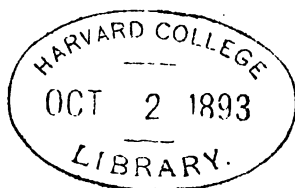
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MONTROSE:

GEORGE WALKER, 15 HIGH STREET.

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TO

WILLIAM MITCHELL, ESQUIRE, PROVOST,

DAVID SMITH, ESQ., ROBERT COOKE, ESQ., JOHN DAVIDSON, ESQ.,

BAILLIES,

AND THE OTHER COUNCILLORS OF THE ROYAL BURGH OF MONTROSE,

THIS VOLUME;

IS WITH PERMISSION,

Respectfully Inscribed

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

---

It is hoped that the community will look with a favourable eye upon this attempt to write a History of Montrose. It is not pretended that it contains all that should be said, but as far as the materials would go, the best use has been made of them. Not one, but two years at least, would be required to investigate the antiquities of the town,—indeed, something worthy of record occurs almost every day.

In the early part of the History, I have been much indebted to Mr. Jervise's elaborate work, "Memorials of Angus and Mearns," and Bowick's "Life of John Erskine of Dun," besides a number of parties residing in the town.

Dr. Alexander Gibson, laird of Auchindrioch, having been a school-fellow, I naturally took to be a native, but although as the Yankees say, he was "raised" at Montrose, he was born at Laurencekirk. He was Conservator of Forests in India, and at the termination of his service, received the following compliment from the Government, in a separate G. O., published in 1860, not a very common distinction:—

### REVENUE DEPARTMENT.

Dr A. Gibson's employment on Special Duty having ceased, and his connection with the forest management of the Presidency being thereby

ended, His Excellency, the Governor in Council, desires publicly to acknowledge Dr. Gibson's unremitting zeal in the discharge of the office of Conservator of Forests, during a period of twenty years, and the beneficial results which the measures conducted under his direction have secured to the State.

By order,

A. D. ROBERTSON,

*Acting Secretary to Government.*

27th September, 1860.

It is hoped that nothing is advanced which can give offence to any (the person referred to at page 21 was not the late W. Nichol). Some part of Chapter VI. might find a more appropriate place in a life of the Author.

---

The following is the translation of the part of the Charter, granted by David II., quoted at page 9, which confirmed the first Charter by David I. :—

“With the territories, and common pasture of the said burgh, adjacent thereto, with the fisheries, within the waters of Northesk and Southesk, by cruives, yaires, and nets of old accustomed, and belonging to the said burgh, with the wind and water-mills, and their multures, with tolls, petty-customs, courts, and their issues, to be held and kept in the appointed and accustomed places of the said burgh, with muirs and marshes, paths and ways, as also with all and every the liberties, advantages, easements, and rights, thereto belonging whatsoever, as well within said burgh as without, as well below as above the earth, pertaining to said burgh, in future, as freely and peacefully, fully, wholly, and honourably, rightly, and agreeably as to any others of our burghs in Scotland \* \* \* \* is granted.”

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# HISTORY OF MONTROSE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### Introduction—Early History.

**T**HE ancient name of Montrose was Celurca. Its modern name, Montrose, is derived from *moin* a moss, and *ros* high, or promontory of the moss; whether we understand the promontory to mean that bold headland terminating in Montrose Ness, or that the site of the ancient town had deserved to be called high, more than it now does, in relation to the adjoining land and sea. Although we might never suppose, from the appearance of the soil, that there ever had been a moss here, yet there is as little at Balnamoon, which means the house of the moss; and many of us remember, that Borrowfield close by was very boggy and mossy, where we used to go for loch reeds.

But after all, it matters little to us what was the nature of the land,—the “local habitation,” as the abode of men, is what creates all the interest, and awakens our sensibilities as natives of the place.

The finest landscape in the world would be indifferent to us unassociated with the homes of men; and the wildest country, if only there we spent our childhood, would be to

us the dearest spot on earth. With these sentiments agree the words of the paraphrase—

“With joy I saw the *abodes* prepared,  
Which men were soon to fill.”

Home recollections are strongest, when we are far away among strangers. Sir Alexander Burnes spoke of the pleasure he felt when arriving out at India, he saw “Arbroath” on the sail of a ship in the harbour; and many a time have I gone to the quayside at Aberdeen when at college, to see the Montrose ships that came there; and afterwards at Sunderland, if I had seen “Montrose” on the stern of a ship, it was like a sight of home—the same at Port Dundas when at Glasgow—and when I fell in with a Montrose captain, who could have given me the news, it was a very great treat. Once on a time, old Mrs Brydon called upon us at Sunderland, and plain and homely as she was at all times, her truly friendly visit was something to talk and tell about for a long time afterwards.

Friendships formed in youth, too, are awakened with fresh and glowing interest when the parties happen to meet away from home: as was the case of a relative of mine, when he met his old chum, the late James Beattie, Esq. of Hillside in Ayrshire, the one, after spending many happy hours already with his companion accompanying him home, and the other doing the same by him—in fact, they convoyed each the other all the night till morning came. I remember myself walking all the way to Aberdeen from Bervie, (27 miles), and running at last to see the scenes and the friends of my youth, in 1844. The Duke of Wellington, too, touched the strongest chord, when in the thickest of the fight he said, “What will they think of you at home?”

“The school boy or girl, when holiday time comes, with what anxiety do they not look forward to the time of the chaise’s arrival, which is to take them ‘home!’ They both

think of the approaching happy meeting with all their affectionate family,—the encouraging smile of the proud father,—the overwhelming kisses of the kind mother,—the vociferous welcomes of the delighted brothers and sisters. Visions of well-merited praise bestowed on the different exhibitions of the neatly executed copy-book; the correctly worked sums; the well recited Latin lines; and the ‘horribly hard’ translation, pass before *his* mind. *She* anticipates the admiration that will be elicited by the display of certain beautiful needlework, which, at the expense of shape and eyesight, is perhaps brought to such perfection, as exactly to imitate the finest ‘Brussels.’” Ah! happy childhood, thus spent in fitting the one for the “busy pursuits of active life,” and the other for adorning her own happy home, and training her younger sisters to habits of industry!

The appearance of Montrose from all sides must be familiar to a native, or to one who has for any length of time been resident in it; but for the sake of others, a short description may be given.

Montrose, when looked down upon from Rossie Brae, on the south of the South Esk (forming its southern boundary), at a point at the side of the road between the house of Inchbrayock and the Barns, from which the best views are taken, is like the rough shape of a triangle: of which the base, or greater side, is the river line, extending about a mile from the pier of the Suspension Bridge on the west, to the Upper Lighthouse on the east; the other two sides seeming to meet at a small distance behind the Steeple of the Parish Church, about which the denser part of the buildings appears to be grouped together. The side of the town on the right, towards the east, has along its outline the Upper Lighthouse and the tall chimneys of the public works—here and there, at irregular intervals,



rising up among the other buildings—this side, having between it and the German Ocean, a small strip of the Links, bounded by the Bents, stretching from the mouth of the South to that of the North Esk, between which sandy ridge and the town lies the whole of the northern and southern Links. Extending the view, the margin of the sea appears to be a right line, joining the point at the Lighthouse, and the innermost corner of the Heughs of St. Cyrus, from which the line of coast runs straight to Johnshaven at the extremity—this line and the north side of the South Esk river being parallel—the line of the sea margin bounding the whole level part on the east for about three miles.

At the point where this scene is spread out, the high grounds of St. Cyrus to the north, the Hill of Garvock and the Hill of Rosemount to the north and west, bound the view, and the latter hill gradually slopes down to Montrose, which is built chiefly on the western side of the tongue of land, or peninsula, formed by the German Ocean on the east, the Esk on the south, and the Basin on the west. This lagoon, which adds greatly to the beauty of the surrounding scenery when it is full tide, improves the harbour, by making deeper water in the river, and clearing away the bar of sand at the entrance, so that vessels of a large size can come up, and find accommodation in the Wet Dock, on the north side of the river. The Harbour Commissioners are very jealous, on these accounts, of any encroachment on the Basin; as were the conservators of the river Tyne, when it was proposed to drain Jarrow Slake on the south side of that river, a little way above South Shields; and what they did at last, was to build a Wet Dock in the place where the water spread. If the people of Montrose were to follow their example, the back sands would hold the largest fleet that ever swept the seas. It was indeed attempted at one time, about 1670, to drain about 2000 acres of land, said to belong

to the estate of Dūn; and a dyke, called the Dronner's Dyke, was raised, to cut this portion off the back sands. The laird disposed of it to a company who were ruined by the project, for the embankment was no sooner raised, than Meggie Cowie, the last witch that was burned on the hill, put in her finger, and a storm arising, down it tumbled. The storm had been the witch. The remains of the dyke are still distinctly visible, a little way behind the Infirmary.

Scotland was in early times much infested by the Danes, who often entered it with armies, and fought with, and plundered the inhabitants. The remains of a Danish camp were visible in the Links. We read of Montrose being twice visited by them. On the first occasion, in 980, they gathered together a large army, purposing with their fleet, to make a descent upon the next coast of Albion, where they should happen to arrive; and being on land to destroy all before them, except where the people should submit and yield themselves unto them. This navy, being once got abroad, in a short time arrived at that point of land in Angus, which is called Red Braes or Red Head. Here the Danish fleet first casting anchor, their captains held a consultation what they were best to do. Some of them were of this opinion, that it was not most expedient for them to land in that place, but rather to pass from thence into England; for, from the Scots being poor, and yet a fierce and hardy nation, there was small good to be got, being accustomed to give more overthrows than they commonly received. Again, the soil of that country was but barren, and overgrown with woods (as it was indeed in those days), with few towns, and small habitations; and these so poor, that no man knowing the same, would seek to fight for possession of them: whereas, England was so fruitful of corn and cattle—so rich in mines, and replenished with so many notable cities and towns, inhabited with men of great wealth

and substance, that few were to be found comparable thereto. So that the matter being well considered, they could not do better than to sail into Kent, where they might be sure of rich spoil, without any great resistance. Others held that this expedition was attempted by the counsel of their superiors, only to revenge such injuries as the Danish nation had received at the hands of the Scotsmen, and not to attain riches or any dominion. The Scots also being a cruel people, and ready to fight in defence of other men's possessions (as in the wars of Northumberland it well appeared), would surely be ready to come to the aid of the Englishmen into Kent, even so soon as it was known that the Danes were on land in those parts: so that by this means, they should be constrained to have to do both with the Scotsmen and Englishmen, if they first went into Kent, where, if they set on land here in Scotland, they should encounter but only with the Scots. Therefore, the best were according to their first determination, to land among the Scots, since chance had brought them into those parts; adding, that when they had somewhat abated the arrogant presumption of their enemies there, then might they pass more safely into England, after a lucky beginning of fire and sword, to proceed against their adversaries in those parts as fortune should lead them. This device was allowed of the greatest number, being glad to get beside the water. Whereupon the mariners (upon commandment given), drew with their ships into the mouth of the river called Esk, which in those days washed on the walls of a town in Angus, called then Celurca, but now Montrose. Here the Danes landing, put the inhabitants of the country thereabouts in great fear, so that with all speed for their safeguard, they got them into Montrose; but the town being quickly assailed of the Danes, was taken, put to the sack, and after razed, castle and all to the bare

ground, not one living creature being left alive of all such as were found within the same.\*

After the destruction of Montrose by the Danes above referred to, we find that on their landing a second time, with a powerful army at the same place, Red Braes or Rubrum Promontorium, the town remained still in ruins, for it is said "Camus their General, being once landed, got him to the next hill, and beholding the ruins of the town of Montrose, which a few years before had been destroyed by the Danes, he rejoiced not a little."

The next notice we get of dates is that of the Castle,—that William the Lion made it an occasional residence, and dated charters from it between the years 1178 and 1198,—which was built upon the Forthill, near the Bridge, about a mile above the fall of the South Esk into the sea, and about where the Infirmary now stands. The hill which stood there always got the name of the Castlehill, and was latterly Constablehill,† a place where the people in the neighbourhood got sand for their houses. There were at that time human bones found in it, and some ancient coins. A seaman, with his companion, when they were boys, found in their play a gold ring, with an inscription on it, "Get me, guide me," and lion rampant, which they took to the house of Dun, and got 5s. for from Miss Erskine. The channel of the Esk, at one time, had been much narrower than it is now, on the Montrose side, for in the old statistical account of the town, drawn up by the late Rev. Alexander Mollison, about 1793, it is said, "The main current of the river probably flowed in former times on the other side of the island of Inchbrayock, and it has evidently made considerable encroachments on this hill. A well was discovered a few years ago on the

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\* Hollinshed's Scottish Chronicles.

† The Constables had Castles, and sometimes Burghs subject to their jurisdiction, as Dundee, Montrose, &c.

brink, and when the water is clear and smooth, another has been seen a good way into the river. Both of them, in all probability, had been once within the fort." The inhabitants, at that time, remember that the river at the Forthill was not near so deep nor so broad as at present. Tradition says, that in ancient times persons on the opposite banks could almost shake hands.

"Edward, King of England, in pursuit of King John Baliol, visited the Castle of Montrose in the summer of 1296, and received his submission at Brechin, where 'he did render quietly the realm of Scotland, as he that had done amiss.' Returning soon after to Berwick, a Bailie and twelve burgesses of Montrose went there and took the oaths of allegiance to Edward for themselves, and the community of the town. Soon after this, 'Edward passed over into France with a great navy of ships, intending to make war against that nation, trusting that the Scots would not stir, since of late they had sustained so many overthrows and sore losses, one after another, by the last wars.' But 'the lords of Scotland got them all together immediately, and assembled in council at Stirling, where, by agreement, twelve noblemen were chosen to be governors of Scotland, who appointed the great William Wallace as ruler, under John Baliol, to deliver his country from bondage of the English nation.' After many heroic exploits, and receiving the army that John Cumin, Earl of Buchan, had led before, he passed forth with great pursuance against the Englishmen, who held sundry Castles within Scotland, and with great hardiness and manhood, he won the Castles of Forfar, Dundee, Brechin, and Montrose, slaying all such soldiers as he found within them."\* This happened in 1297, after which time no mention occurs of the Castle, although King David was frequently

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\* Scottish Chronicles.

at Montrose in the latter years of his reign—on one of these occasions landing at Craig Davie, he constituted Bervie a royal burgh, and holding south, met with the Council in the old Council House, at the back of the Old Kirk.

As already mentioned, Montrose was a town in the tenth century, when it was destroyed by the Danes; and in the time of Malcolm IV., it had both mills and salt-pans. It was one of the principal towns which were consumed by fire in 1244, as recorded in Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland.

The Burgh of Montrose is of high antiquity. David II., by a charter dated 1st May, in the 40th year of his reign, of new grants the Burgh of Montrose to the burgesses and community thereof "*cum territoriis et communi pastura dicti burgi sibi adjacentibus, cum piscariis infra aquas de North Esk, et South Esk, in crovis, yaris, et retibus antiquis, et consuetis et pertinentibus ad dictum burgum, cum molandinis, sive ad ventum sive ad aquam, et eorum multuris, cum tolloneo, parva custuma, curiis, et earum exitibus habendis et tenendis in locis dicti burgi debitis et consuetis, cum moris, maresiis, semitis atque viis, necnon cum omnibus aliis et singulis libertatibus, commoditatibus, aisiamenis, et justis pertinentus quibuscumque, tam infra dictum burgum quam extra, tam sub terra quam super terram, ad praedictum burgum spectantibus, sen quoque modo juste spectare valentibus, in futurum adeo libere, et quiete, plenarie, integre et honorifice, bene, et in pace, sicut aliquis burgerum nostrorum Scocie \* \* \* conceditur.*"—In virtue of this charter, the petty customs, multures, weigh-house, flesh-market dues, &c., have been levied. About 58 years ago, the meal and malt mills were disused, and since then no multures have been exacted. By a charter of King James IV., dated 20th September, 1493, that monarch gave and granted to "our lovittes, the aldirmen, balzies, consale, and communitie of

our burgh of Montrose, and their successoris perpetuallie sik like privilegis, freedoun, charges and ankerages, to be raist and taken at the pere, port, and havin of our said burgh, of all schippis, crearis, and botis, pertening to oure leigis, and strangaris, as is grantit and given be our maist nobill progenitors to the ports of Leyth and Dundee, or any otheris within our realme." In virtue of this charter, the magistrates levy shore-dues, anchorage, and plankage at the harbour, by which they uphold piers, buoys, and moorings within the harbour. The property of the burgh consists of lands, houses, feu-duties, the harbour, shares in Marykirk Bridge, seats in the churches, money lent to the trustees of the Forfar road, and money in the bank: it amounted in 1832 in gross value to £54,442 16s. 7½d. In 1833, the revenue was £3184 3s. 8½d.; the expenditure was £4700 17s. 10d.,—extraordinary expenses having been incurred by important local improvements. The corporation revenue in 1839-40 was £3007. The assessments by authority of Parliament are that for the second minister's stipend, the cess or land tax, and twopence on the pint of ale and beer for supplying the town with water; by authority of charter, the shore and harbour dues, the petty-customs, the weigh-house dues, and the flesh-market dues. The Burgh having several years ago adopted the Police Act, the money required for water, lighting, and watching, &c., is levied by virtue thereof on the rental; and the town is supplied with abundance of water both from Glenskenno and Kinnaber.

The Property and Funds of the Burgh, as on 30th day

of September, 1865, amounted to .....	£70,872	7	4
Less—Debts and Obligations, .....	81,491	14	0½
Stock, .....	£38,880	18	8½
Revenue of Montrose, same date, .....	£3,075	13	0
Expenditure, .....	2,753	15	6½
Surplus, .....	£303	17	5½

Montrose Ancient Hospital, Property, &c., .....	£4,908	19	3½
Less—Hedderwick Mortification, .....	80	0	0
Stock, .....	£4,828	19	3½
Revenue of Ancient Hospital, 1865, .....	£237	6	4
Expenditure,.....	200	16	11
Surplus, .....	£36	9	5

From all accounts, we learn that the inhabitants of Montrose suffered much at different times from the lairds of Dun, who should rather have been their protectors. The causes of these raids were various. "In 1491-2, the younger Erskine, as tutor for his relative, Henry Graham of Morphie, took possession of certain cruives and fishings in the North Esk, against the will of the magistrates, who carried the affair to a Court of Law, and upon the case going to proof, Erskine was declared to have done 'na wrang,' and so kept possession of the property."\* The power which they possessed in the neighbourhood of their estate, was like that of the other barons, extensive and almost arbitrary. The safety of the people lay in having the gates of the town well secured against such marauders: for they took away their cattle, so that they had to be penned up in a part of the High Street every night, when the gates of the Port were shut, which had watch-towers on either side of two storeys for a look-out, but in other respects resembling sentry-boxes; and the Captain of the Port was the officer who managed these matters, and was also at the head of the town-guard. The town of Montrose was particularly under the jurisdiction of the laird of Dun, who, on that account, was the virtual, as he was also made the official, governor of the town. This manner of choosing a Provost for the burgh, was more a matter of necessity

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\* Mem. of Angus and Mearns.



than of choice with the citizens. The barons reigned with a kind of petty sovereignty. Those noblemen whose lands lay contiguous to burghs, were generally invested by the prince with the power of constableness, and the government of the forts or castles which protected the towns. In such cases, it was prudent for the citizens to throw themselves under the defence of such powerful men; and therefore the burgesses bestowed upon the barons the highest honour which lay at their disposal. Indeed, without this precaution, the citizens were not safe; nor were they altogether free from violence, notwithstanding their subservency to this barbarous system. Both town and country lay open to marauders of every description, whose vigilance eluded the feeble arm of the law,—the execution of which was too often entrusted with those very barons, who were sometimes themselves the cause of the citizens' disquietude. An instance of this kind occurred between the town of Montrose and the family of Dun, about forty years previous to the period of which we are now treating.

John Erskine, laird of Dun, and grandfather of our reformer, not contented with the authority which he possessed over the burgh of Montrose, resolved to compel the magistrates to submit to his tyranny. They, however, though willing to concede much in favour of the baron, would not resign the whole of their power; and, instead of allowing the town to fall under the vassalage of the family of Dun, they determined to keep fast their shadow of prerogative. They had, without any appearance of jealousy, bestowed every mark of respect on the laird, as being the parliamentary baron and knight of the shire, as well as constable of the castle and provost of the burgh; and no submission, whether real or ceremonious, short of absolute servitude, had hitherto been withheld by them from their powerful superior. But still, the magistrates were so far sensible of their official dignity, as to be aware, that much

of this honour was mere courtesy, and that in return they had to expect the protection and patronage, instead of the tyranny, of the authoritative baron. Finding admonition and threats of no avail with such obstinate supporters of municipal privilege, the laird had recourse to chastisement and revenge. For this purpose, in the month of September, 1493, he with his sons, John, Robert, Walter, and Thomas, and a number of their vassals and dependants, all mounted on horseback, and armed, some with pikes and spears, and others with bows and arrows, came, in the dead of night, to the burgh lands, and first setting on fire the corn which grew there, they afterwards proceeded to the town. Having marched up the High Street, shouting and brandishing their weapons, they challenged the magistrates to come forth, and try by battle, the cause which had been left unsettled by argument. The honest rulers, notwithstanding this call upon their honour, prudently kept their beds—resolving that, if they must fight for their dignity, they should at least have the advantage of day light in combating such powerful enemies.

These violent proceedings having been several times repeated, at length provoked the magistrates of Montrose to apply for redress at the proper quarter. Having assembled in the town-hall, they drew up a petition to the Duke of Montrose, praying for protection: but the bearer of the letter to his Grace having been basely murdered by the retainers of Dun, the magistrates directed that a "bill of complaint" should forthwith be transmitted to King James IV. at Stirling, under an escort of armed men. The King having graciously received the town's "complaint," ordered the Erskines to find bail to keep the peace, and to appear, on a day appointed, before the Sheriffs of Forfar and Kincardine, to answer to the charges preferred against them.

Further interesting particulars, showing the rude state

of society about the fifteenth century, will be found in the life of John Erskine, from which the above account is taken.

John Erskine, the superintendent of Angus and Mearns, was quite a different man from his grandfather—wise and prudent in counsel, and if his advice had been taken, an alliance would have been formed between Edward VI. of England and Queen Mary, by which Scotland would have become sooner Protestant than it did; and the attack made upon Montrose, which called forth his prowess, as will be seen in what follows, could not have happened—although some accounts say he was wild and impetuous in his youth, and even lay to his charge the murder of a priest of Montrose, Sir Thomas Forster by name, within the campanile or bell-tower; and in consequence, as was the fashion of the period, Erskine granted a bond of assythment or blood-money for the offence, to Forster's father, who was a burghess of the town.\* One can scarcely give credit to this account, the whole of his future life was so different, being prudent and moderate on all occasions.

He was also provost of Montrose as his grandfather had been; and on one occasion protected the town from an attack of the English in the time of Edward VI., and drove back the assailants with great loss to their ships. They had before this made a descent upon the coast of Fife, with as bad success; and being enraged at their defeat, sailed northward, and, arriving opposite the mouth of the South Esk, they resolved to attack the town of Montrose, in order to redeem the honour they lost in the Fife expedition.

To make sure of surprising the inhabitants, the English determined to attack Montrose in the dead of night. They therefore kept out at sea, riding in the bay at such a distance, as not to be discovered on shore. But this pru-

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\* Spalding's Club Miscellany, vol. iv., p. p. 27-9.

dence seems to have deserted them after nightfall ; for, by some unaccountable folly on their part, several lights were suspended about the vessels, as they approached the mouth of the river. It is probable, that being unacquainted with the navigation of the South Esk, they had sent boats on shore, in the twilight, for pilots, who, in order to warn the citizens of approaching danger, had, upon some pretence, hung up those lights, which being seen from the fort, had given time for alarm and preparation against some coming evil.

“Provost Erskine, upon the first intelligence, immediately sent orders through the burgh, that every person capable of bearing arms, should forthwith accoutre himself in the best manner possible, and proceed with all expedition to the links. In the meantime he quickly armed his own retainers and servants, and, having waited the arrival of his troops (who were composed of a few soldiers, and a great multitude of merchants, tradesmen, and apprentices hastily armed), he divided them into three bands, and gave his prompt directions to each. The first division he dispatched to a small hill close by the river, called the Fort or Constablehill, ordering them to remain concealed behind the ramparts until they should see an opportunity of engaging the enemy with advantage. The second division, which consisted of those who wore light armour, and were provided with bows and arrows, or with arquebuses (a kind of small hand gun), he himself led straight down to the river, after having directed the third division to lie in wait behind another hill, called the Horologehill, a short distance down the river from the Fort-hill.

“The landing place of the river being between these two hills, Mr Erskine led his company there, to attack the English as they came on shore. Seeing a small number of the inhabitants, irregularly equipped to oppose their landing, the

English, with great confidence and hope of success, came immediately from their ships, and began to fight their way through the townsmen. The bowmen at first discharged their arrows and small shot at the invaders while coming on shore, and afterwards met them in a close and tumultuous fight—opposing their irregular weapons to the spears and swords of the enemy, and substituting, for their want of strength, desperate courage and resolution. The Provost, fighting at the head of his men, gradually retired before the enemy; and although the townsmen disputed every step of ground with the English, yet it appeared evident to them, that the undisciplined burgesses were yielding with decency and honour before the more numerous and courageous soldiery who headed the invasion. To flatter the enemy with this idea was the intention of Mr. Erskine's gradual retreat before them; and the effect was equal to his wish, for the English were thus imperceptibly drawn from their landing place to the ramparts of the Fort-hill, when, upon a signal being given, the first division of the townsmen rushed from behind the ramparts, and joined the second company under the Provost. For a moment the English paused; but, being encouraged by their leader, they renewed the conflict with redoubled vigour against the increased power of the townsmen, who, possessing now the advantage of the rising ground, as well as an increase of forces, successfully combated and cut down their enemies.

“Although the townsmen, encouraged by the command and example of their Provost, not only behaved with great bravery and resolution, but thinned the ranks of the enemy at every sally, it is probable, that they would not have been able to keep up the fight much longer against so numerous and desperate a band of invaders, had not a deception (somewhat similar to that practised by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn) been made upon the enemy. The English,

though several times repulsed with loss from the brow of the hill, seemed resolved, if not to conquer, at least to avenge themselves; and becoming more and more desperate, they continued the fight till day-light began to appear, when looking toward the east, they beheld from the Horologehill the third division of the townsmen, who, with colours displayed and horns sounding, seemed in the doubtful twilight, to be a numerous reinforcement coming to cut off their retreat to the ships. Afraid of being surrounded by a company apparently numerous and keen for the fight, and knowing the military quality of the townsmen from the specimen they had already seen, the English precipitately fled towards the landing place; and being hotly pursued, great numbers of them were cut down in the way, and many more were slain in the hurry and confusion of embarking. The number of English who landed upon this expedition has been differently stated—probably they amounted to eight hundred; for although their loss in the Fife adventure was great, they had on board at least twelve hundred soldiers, previous to their descent upon the Scottish coast.

“It is supposed that nearly two-thirds of the invaders fell during this skirmish and retreat. The loss on the side of the townsmen was inconsiderable. Thus was Montrose at that time delivered, by the prompt measures of Mr Erskine, out of the hands of the English, whose intention was to plunder, despoil, and burn it; and this, too, was almost the last blood shed between Scotland and England as two different kingdoms. The English soon afterwards withdrew their forces from Scotland altogether. This great reformer laboured earnestly in the cause of the Reformation to a great age, being 82 when he died: nor was he less distinguished as a statesman; and when we consider his high standing in the country, as a baron and proprietor of a large estate—for the estate of Dun extended from the

North Esk to the hill of Carcary beyond the South Esk, and was bounded on the east by the burgh property of Montrose—we must give him a high place among the benefactors of his country.”\*

The following is the concluding stanza in the address to Erskine, by Rev. James Anderson, minister of Collace, in the “Winter Night:” a Poem:—

“I cannot dote as thou hast done deserve  
In kirk and court, countrey, and commonweale,  
Carefull the kirk in peace for to preserve:  
In court thy counsell was stout, and true as steale,  
Thy policie decores the country well,  
In planting trees, and building places faire  
With costly brigs ouer waters plaine repaire.”

The old bridge over the North Esk, called the Upper North Water Bridge, was built by a laird of Dun in 1780, who caused the family arms to be embossed on the parapets. The building of this bridge raised the price of eggs, which were mixed with lime for cement, as they were so cheap; for a little before that time, the price at Montrose was one penny a dozen—14 to the dozen, and a leg of mutton, twopence.†

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\* Bowick's Life of J. Erskine.

† This as a real fact was communicated to me by Mrs Shand, the widow of the late Mr. John Shand, cutler, and refers to the time when her great grandfather lived. At that time a man's wages was twopence a day, when he came to the house; but as twopence at that time could buy a leg of mutton, it was more in proportion than 2s. 6d. a day now; and a little before the Upper Northwater Bridge was built in 1780, the carrier brought eggs down from the country, and sold them in the market at Montrose at 1d. the dozen of 14.

## CHAPTER II.

## The Old and New Steeples.

**T**HE Bell-Tower of the Old Steeple was of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been built by the Picts. It was 54 feet high to the bottom of the parapet, which was 5 feet high. Its form was square, 25 feet over walls, at the surface of the ground, and reduced by three intakes, at nearly equal distances to 23 feet under the parapet, which projected over the wall about 6 inches, and was finished with embrazures, three on each side. A stone spout for discharging the rain water, projected at each corner under the parapet, in the shape of a dog with its fore feet over the wall, as if it was to jump, grinning on the passengers underneath. Inside the tower were bells and a clock, and on three of the sides of the parapet was a wooden dial-plate, about five feet square, with hands to indicate the time.

The tower was built of trap rock or scurdy from the south side of the river, with freestone dressings, and was stuck all over with oyster shells. It was within this tower that John Erskine of Dun killed Sir Thomas Forster, a priest of Montrose; and afterwards, in 1566, on its top, a large fire blazed in honour of the birth of James VI. The lower storey was used as a place of confinement—a dark, ugly dungeon it was, and well named the Black Hole. At a small narrow window fronting the arch of the town-hall, sat Jamie Stephen, perched up to watch the first appearance of the minister, when, at his signal, the bells instantly stopped ringing. At a comparatively modern period, probably not



more than two or three hundred years ago, an octagonal spire was built on the top of the old bell-tower. It was 18 feet over at the bottom, and 46 feet high, with a weather-cock and vane about 10 feet higher,—the weather-cock and vane and the works of the clock are now in Montrose Museum, the date 1694 is on the vane. The spire was built of freestone from the neighbourhood, and had a number of iron hooks fixed into it, perhaps for the purpose of easier access to its top, but they were utterly useless for that purpose, being nearly eaten through with rust. The present church was built in 1791, and the old steeple was pulled down in 1830 or 1831. Shortly afterwards, in 1832-3-4, the present magnificent structure was built, from a design by Gillespie Graham of Edinburgh, on the site of the old tower. The tower rises to the height of 108 feet from the surface of the ground, to the under part of the parapet, exactly twice the height of the old tower. An entrance to the Parish Church is in the west side, formed by an ornamental arch of fine proportions. The spire rises 92 feet above the tower, also exactly twice the height of the old spire, with a vane and other ornaments rising about 10 feet above the spire. Four pinnacles, one at each corner, 32 feet high, each connected with the spire by flying buttresses, produce a fine effect. The work was first contracted for by John Forsyth, South Queensferry, and built to the height of three or four feet above the ground, when having discovered some mistake in the measurement, he abruptly left it. The work was afterwards undertaken by Bailie Smith, Montrose. The inspector, suspecting that the part built by Mr. Forsyth—although founded at the same depth as the old tower, five feet under the surface—had not a firm foundation, on examination, this was found to be the case, and the whole was ordered to be taken down. It was then discovered, that the new foundation, and also the old tower (a small portion of which had not been remov-

ed), were built above an old church-yard ! The site was excavated to a depth of five feet under the old foundation, through three tiers or layers of bodies, closely laid side by side over the whole site and surrounding ground. The lower tier rested on the original sea-sand, mixed with large shells, at a depth of ten feet under the surface, and at that depth the foundation of the present steeple was laid. A narrow strip, about half an inch wide, of a darker colour than the rest of the ground, around each of the bodies, pointed out the size and shape of the coffin. The teeth were quite sound ; and the grave digger, who collected the bones each day for re-interment in the kirk-yard, generally pulled out a number of teeth from the jaw-bones, and consigned them to his pocket—possibly many of them are again in use. One of the bodies had two urns at its head, two opposite its breast, and two at its feet—six in all. They were made of burned clay, and had pieces of charcoal inside, underneath the sand, which had afterwards fallen into them. One or two of the urns are in the Museum, the rest fell to pieces on exposure to the air. Another body of large proportions had an oak stake driven into its mouth through its skull, and into the ground underneath ; and a similar stake was driven through its belly, and also a considerable way into the ground. The skull was riven in all directions : it was of a large size and had excellent teeth : it was afterwards taken away by the Rev. Mr. Liddel of the Chapel-of-Ease. One of these skulls, now in the Edinburgh Museum, the Rev. Hugh Mitchell supposes to have been that of a High Dignitary of the Church, or possibly of a Druid Priest, being the most ancient relic of Montrose. These bodies must have been interred at a very early period—long before the bell-tower was built ; and it is astonishing how the builders of the tower should have chosen for its site, had they known such to be the case, the surface of an old church-yard. These

facts were stated to me by Bailie Scott, long one of the late Bailie Smith's foremen, who carried on the building department of the steeple. Human bones were also found when they were digging into the foundations of the old house that belonged to Mr. Barrie, tinsmith, closeby.

When the last stone of the spire was laid, a well-known eccentric merchant, Sandy Fullerton, in fulfilment of a promise made to the masons who built the spire, ascended to the narrow shoggy scaffold at the top of the spire, when he produced from his pocket a bottle of whisky, and all present joined him in drinking King William's health with great gusto, and gave three hearty cheers in honour of the occasion. The scaffolding was all removed, and the work almost completed without any serious accident, when two masons were left to finish some inside work—one of them, John Dickson, a fine young man, having occasion for a short ladder, went to fetch one about seven feet long, the top of which was securely tied to a piece of wood laid outside across the door at the bottom of the spire: he ascended the ladder a step or two, and cut the lashing that secured it with his knife, when it fell backwards, and he was thrown down the hatch to the bottom, a distance of upwards of 100 feet. He was taken to the hospital, and died next day. His open knife was lying on the ground beside him where he fell.

A handy, fearless man, Alick Macandrew, erected the most of the scaffolding, and took it all down again. One morning (after everything was removed from the outside of the steeple), in a drunken frolic, he went up the crockets to the top of the spire, and turned about the vane, and came down in safety; at another time, seeing a little girl in danger, he slid down a rope, although there was a ladder at hand, and saved her from her perilous situation.

When the north tower of the Suspension Bridge was

completed, one of the labourers, Alexander Mowat, climbed up to the top of the cranes, which were placed above the top of the tower, and stood on the crown of his head, with his feet straight up in the air, on a plank about 12 inches broad that connected the two cranes, and came down again in safety. A young lad, John Sturrock, fell from the top of the south tower to the bottom, where luckily there was a small pool of water, into which he fell. One of his arms was broken; but he soon recovered, although he fell about 70 feet. He struck a plank in his way down which broke his fall.

One of the following verses supplies an omission as to the supposed age of the steeple:—

“Like some auld veteran, worn and gray,  
Despised in life's declining day,  
Auld Steeple! thou wast swept away  
    Frae thy foundation,  
That yon tall upstart, young and gay,  
    Might fill thy station!

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“I'm sure a thousand years, an' mair,  
Thou stood a stalwart sentry there,  
Regardless o' the rout and rair  
    O' mony a blast,  
And storms that tirred the riggins bare,  
    Thee scaithless passed!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Wha biggit thee is kent by no man,  
If Scot, or Pict, or Dane, or Roman;—  
In ancient times 'twas nought uncommon,  
    We needna doubt,  
Frae thee to skelp auld Danish foemen,  
    Wi' mony a clout!”

—*Elegy on the Auld Steeple, from Smart's “Rambling Rhymes.”*

## CHAPTER III.

### Religious State.

**I**N the times of Popery, the Dominicans or Black Friars had a Convent in Montrose, founded in 1230 by Sir Alan Durward, the most daring and powerful Scotch magnate of his time. It is supposed to have stood on that portion of the common links which still bears the name of St. Mary, situated a little to the eastward of Victoria Bridge. It was afterwards removed to the immediate vicinity of the town, by the influence of the celebrated Patrick Panter, of the Newmanswalls family, by whom it was richly endowed from lands in the neighbourhood.\* The monks being disturbed in their new abode by the noise of the traffic on the road, got liberty, in 1524, says Pennant, to return to their former more retired spot, which they had quitted a few years before. The remains of the Hospital founded by Panter were visible at no distant date, and stood in the Sandhaugh about a mile nearer the town, on the west side of Murray Street.

The religious orders from whom the Monasteries and Convents had their origin, it must be allowed, did not at once degenerate into what they afterwards became, nests of corruption; for the first monks we read of, in the middle of the third century, were men, whom the persecution of the heathen emperors, compelled to live in deserts; and who, being by a long course of solitude rendered unfit for society, chose to continue in their monastic way, even after the true

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\* Mem. of Angus and Mearns.

cause of it had ceased. Neither are we to regard these orders as an altogether unmitigated evil, for they were the depositories of the Word of God, and of most, if not of all, the learning in the world in feudal times; and there were to be found among them from time to time, men better than their system, who were faithful missionaries of the Cross (and who were persecuted by their co-religionists for being so), thus showing, that in all ages of the world, God preserves a seed to serve Him. If they had only given the Bible to the people, and diffused abroad religious and secular education, they would have been kept free from many of the errors that crept in, for the Bible is the charter of our liberties.

"The Parish Church, dedicated to St. John, was in the diocese of Brechin, and rated in the ancient *taxatio* at £20 Scots. From the year 1214, that a person bearing the christian name of Henry, subscribes himself 'Chaplain of Munros,' to a deed of that period, no further mention is found of any of the old churchmen, until the beginning of the fifteenth century. There were several alterages in the church, but the names of two only survive: the Holyrood, raised in celebration of the exaltation of our Saviour's Cross, and the altar of the Blessed Trinity—the latter of which was founded by Elisco and Thomas Falconer, burgesses of Montrose, and supported by the rents of certain lands in the vicinity."\*

The blessed Reformation at length dawned upon the world. Many other causes than the revival of letters and establishment of Universities, conspired to bring it about. "In the latter part of the fifteenth century, a change for the better began to exhibit itself in Scotland. James III. made vigorous attempts to civilise his people, by breaking down

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\* Mem. of Angus and Mearns.

the power of the nobility, and by developing a middle class,"\* which, however, did not fully manifest itself, till after the Reformation, the cause which led to it in Scotland according to Mr. Froude. James IV. encouraged commerce, granting by a charter the shore-dues and other revenues to the magistrates of Montrose, whereby the burgh began to acquire increasing importance — its merchants early traded with the low countries, and brought home copies of the scriptures, so that this condition of things as a whole led on in due time to the Reformation. Thus the sea which purifies the earth, is also the highway of nations; and by giving facility to their intercourse, the minds of men become free and expanded; and if any new light dawns in any region to which merchants resort, it is soon communicated to others. How different it was in feudal times, when the free towns of Germany had the whole carrying trade by sea, and all new ideas were shut out!

John Erskine, too, by his influence with the inhabitants of Montrose, on his return from his travels (in which he was accompanied by Richard, the eldest brother of Andrew Melville), led them early to embrace the cause of the Reformation; — the principles also of Wicliffe, being widely spread, helped on this result, as regards Scotland generally, according to Dr. M'Crie.

John Erskine, having on his return from abroad, between the years 1480 and 1490, as will be afterwards more particularly mentioned, brought a teacher of Greek to Montrose. George Wishart, the early martyr, having been one of his pupils, and afterwards his successor, taught and circulated the Greek New Testament so openly, that he was summoned before Bishop Hepburn of Brechin, the effects of whose sentence he escaped by fleeing to England, where he remain-

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1864.

ed nearly six years. Returning to Scotland in July, 1543, he immediately thereafter preached publicly in Montrose, within a private house, in the neighbourhood of the church. He was not suffered to remain long in these parts; yet he had left such a testimony behind him, that the people would no longer endure the increased oppression and tyranny, which were so constantly manifested towards them. Within ten years after this time, the pulpits of most of the churches were filled by reformed clergymen.\* Some of the most distinguished masters of schools were at this time secretly attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, and upon its establishment became ministers of the church. Mr. Thomas Anderson, one of these, was the first reformed minister at Montrose, and had for assistant Mr. John Beattie, reader. Both these gentlemen bestowed much kind attention on James Melville during his school-boy days. The former, Melville describes as "a man of mean gifts, bot of singular guid lyff. God moved him to mark me, and call me often to his chalmer to treat me, when he saw anie guid in me, and to instruct and admonish me otherwise. He desyrit me ever to rehearse a part of Calvin's Catechisme on the Sabbath at efternoone, because he hard the peiple lyked weill of the clearnes of my voice, and pronouncing with some feiling; and thereby God moved a godlie, honest matron in the town, to mak mikle of me thairfore, and called me hir lytle sweit angle."† It was at Montrose, under Mr. Anderson, that Melville, at the early age of 13, became a communicant of that church, of which at a future period, he was so great an ornament.

Mr. Anderson was succeeded at Montrose by Mr. John Durie, James Melville's father-in-law. Educated in the Romish faith by his own brother, the Abbot of Dunfermline,

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\* Mem. of Angus and Mearns. † Melville's Diary.



he was expelled that Convent for heresy, imprisoned at Edinburgh for sometime, and then sent to "ward" in Montrose in 1583; after which the king, in testimony to his value as a preacher, settled upon him £140 a year, which pension was granted to himself, his wife, and son, and "the langest levair of them thre."

Montrose, up to this time, was a single charge, and it was only towards the close of the seventeenth century, during the time of the last Episcopal minister, that it became collegiate. It was upon petition of the inhabitants themselves that Government allowed them to be taxed for the support of a second minister, which tax ceases on the demise of the present incumbent, and is then otherwise provided for.

At the time the annuity-tax was imposed, a Mr. David Lyell was parochial minister, and Mr. Neill was the first second or burgh minister—the former, originally a presbyterian, became afterwards an Episcopalian minister.\* Changes of this kind were not unfrequent in early times—especially in the reign of James VI., who rather favoured Episcopacy, and was an unsteady friend to presbyterianism. Montrose has upon the whole chiefly stood by the latter form of church government since the Reformation—that is to say, by far the greatest number of the inhabitants have been of this persuasion; and it must be said, that true and evangelical religion has been preached within its walls—especially in the recollection of those of its inhabitants who can look back 50 or 60 years. In 1811, the present venerable incumbent of the second charge, viz., Dr. Joseph Paterson, was ordained and the text he preached from was "Preach the word." He preached from the same text in the 50th year of his ministry, and is still able to bring out of his treasures things new and

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\* Mem. of Angus and Mearna.

old. Some of us who heard his trial discourse, must remember of a dove flying about in the church, and hovering over the pulpit, and more perhaps were looking at it than at the minister. It must be said of Dr. Paterson that he has an earnest practical way of preaching, which must come home to the hearers, as it is evident he speaks from the heart, and from a feeling of the preciousness of the truth in his own experience. His popularity has always continued from the first; and there was always a marked difference between the attendance when he preached and Mr. Mollison. The writer of this was ten years away from Montrose, between 1823 and 1833, and when he returned and heard the Dr. again, as he had often heard him before, he felt himself more than ever really at home, from the power of early associations. The Dr. is still most assiduous in the visitation of his people; and not of them only, but of all in distress, and that, although at the age of 84, in the severest weather. One time I met him last winter in a drifting fall of snow, and remarked that it was very hard to bear this weather, "Ugh!" said the Dr., and passed on. Among the ministers in the neighbourhood that occasionally preached in the Old Church, there was none I liked better to hear than Mr. Foote of Logie. He was a lively, earnest, and attractive preacher, and had a good deal of suitable action, which set off his discourse well, and as to which Dr. Cook made the remark, that it would leave him as he grew older. The same feeling of reverence and respect, as having once been minister in our own good town, as well as for his talents, came over the writer, when in 1823, being at Pitkaithly Wells, he heard Mr. Esdaile preach in the church of Dumbarney. I remember hearing his farewell sermon at Montrose. It is impossible, in fact, unless one has felt it, to imagine the delight and fulness of heart one has on hearing a minister we had been accustomed to at an early period of

our lives. The Rev. George Cowie once came to Aberdeen when I was at college, and whether he preached a sermon to the students or not I don't remember, but all the family went to hear him, and being from Montrose, I listened to him with unflagging attention; and many times I felt for him, for he would have stopped now and then as if he could not find another word to say, and I was glad when he got on again: but how astonished was I to hear, on returning to Montrose, that this was his way of drawing the attention of the hearers.

When we read of the persecutions of the church in early times in our own country, we cannot be too thankful for the spiritual liberty we now enjoy; and when a parish minister holds out the right hand of fellowship to christians of all denominations; when he prays for the success of all evangelical churches, and can shake hands over buried wrongs—such a minister will endear himself to all, and fulfil his mission, whether in Montrose or Glasgow; and none the less so that John Knox looks down upon him in lofty grandeur from the Necropolis—the city of the dead. For as one has said, the most perfect idea of an Established Church is when that Church, holding to its standards, yet gives full scope to others to propagate their principles. What more can the Baptists even expect from Mr. Burns, when he presided at one of their missionary meetings in Montrose, giving them thereby his countenance and aid? By this kindly intercourse, if any, will asperities be rubbed off, and all yet see eye to eye. All have an open Bible from which to search for the true and the right way for themselves. No doubt if a universal creed could be drawn up, embracing only essentials in which all christians could agree, it would be better; but have we not that in the Bible? and although right belief is the principal thing, yet scriptural obedience must follow. Another thing, much to

the credit of Dr. P., may be said, when William Nicol, long grave-digger and bellman, took his last illness, he expressed a hope that he had laid by a posey, for he liked to hear of all laying by something to meet the wants of old age; and he had long ago, before the Parochial Board was thought of in Montrose, and when too little had been collected at the church door, threatened, that if the collections were not more, they must have recourse to the legal mode of relief—more in the way of stirring the people up to greater liberality, than that he wished it. Mrs Carnegie gave a good advice to the people of the Old Church about putting money into the plate—especially to shipmasters, when they are away from home, that they should collect the offerings from their crews, and give the amount to the session when they came home. If her advice and example had been attended to by high and low according to their ability, there would have been no necessity for poor's rates in Scotland, and a better spirit of independence would have been encouraged. In reading the statistical account of the parishes of Scotland, it is surprising to see how in old times this spirit was kept alive, by the judicious assistance given to the industrious poor.

When Dr. P. had reached his jubilee, the public invited him to a dinner, and presented him with his portrait, which is now to be seen in most houses of the town. On that occasion he said they had not forgot Joseph.

Although in one view, the first place is to be given to the Established Church, it is not to be forgotten, that there are other excellent and talented ministers, among whom, to use the language of James Melville, out of kindness and gratitude, I may name the Rev. William Nixon of Free St. John's, a most faithful minister—indeed it may be said of him that he leaves all who hear him without excuse if they do not embrace the Gospel. He is also a warm-hearted and generous friend. He was my minister for more than

25 years after my return to Montrose in 1833, and would have so continued, but for the Mission Church in Castle Street, which he had the honour of setting up, and of fostering with a parent's solicitude. Indeed, what led us to the Mission Church was this, that in going to St. John's we often had to cross the path of the precentor, who would have said "Come our way;" and at last we did so, but only on the condition that I could be of any service to the missionary, who set me a-going with a prayer-meeting in Castle Street on the Sunday evenings at five o'clock. This I did with Mr. Nixon's approval, who said we often got benefit to ourselves by doing good to others, which I found to be the case. I always enjoyed the evening services the more when these meetings were over and my own part done. On the whole, Mr. Campbell was very active in the discharge of his duties, and did his best for the good of the mission; and among other things, had collectors to receive any small sums once a week, which, on reaching nearly the price of any article of dress the poor people wanted, the deficiency was made up to them, and so they procured it. Now, amidst all this usefulness, there was a talk of Mr. C. being removed to some other field of labour; but as the greater part of the people wished him to remain, a meeting of a few of us was held in a private house, and I was put upon to write a short letter to be laid before the Convener of the Committee (Mr. N.), to say that in our opinion it would be a great loss to the Mission if Mr. C. were to leave; that we were warmly attached to him, and that we wished he might remain. This was signed by almost all that attended the Mission on both sides of Castle Street and other parts, and laid before the Convener, and the result was, that our petition was granted. After a while, however, some other differences sprang up, which led to Mr. C. leaving the Free Church Mission altogether, being received into the U.P. Church. I did not think it

would lead to this when the first meeting was held ; and it must have been a cause of great grief and disappointment to Mr. Nixon, since he at first set agoing the Mission, and afterwards sustained it. But now Mr. C., through great exertion, has got a church of his own, built in Castle Street, which is an outset to the place ; and Mr. Sutherland is now minister of Free St. Paul's in the same street, also a new building, and both seem to be getting on well, as there is field for both. Some that went to no place of worship formerly, now regularly attend either the one church or the other. Prayer and effort will accomplish much in both cases, or as the Earl of Dalhousie's motto is "*Ora et labora.*" If it had not been for Mr. Nixon, there might not have been a Mission Church at all in Castle Street. Mr. Sutherland has raised a good congregation ; his discourses are most evangelical, and those on our Saviour's utterances on the cross could not be surpassed. Mr. Campbell preaches in the Norse language throughout most of the year, to the foreign sailors who visit the port, besides occasionally in French ; and his labours in this way seem to be much appreciated as shown by the numbers who attend.

About this time (1858), Mr. Gordon Forlong came to the town, along with Brownlow North, on an evangelical tour ; and Mr. North preached in Mr. Nixon's church, and Mr. Forlong in the Mission Church in Castle Street, besides holding meetings in the town-hall. Afterwards Mr. Forlong returned alone, and held prayer-meetings for an hour from 9 to 10, at first in the Red Lion Close, and afterwards in the trades'-hall, every day in the week, and continued to do so, with unwearied earnestness, and with much profit to those who attended, as well as to those who took part in the exercises of reading and prayer. \*His custom was to ask any brother to read a portion of scripture, which was usually made the subject of prayer ; and any one being at liberty to

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engage, it fell to those who were most spiritually-minded, and by this means much good was done, and a spiritual revival took place in the town. These meetings are still continued in John Street. There is certainly nothing that Christians can unite in more than in prayer to God for the descent and indwelling of the Spirit of all Grace in their hearts; and there is nothing more sure than that this prayer will be granted; for have we not Christ's own words to assure us: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find \* \* \* for if ye being evil know to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." There can be nothing better than to take God at His word, in any petitions we may ask of Him.

Some of the other ministers in the town had revival prayer-meetings in their churches—the Rev. Mr. Hyslop had one on the Sabbath evenings at eight o'clock, when the churches came out. Much was done also in Mr. Whyte's, by himself and others, and with the co-operation of Mr. M'Culloch and Mr. Maxwell of the Established Church, and also by revival meetings in the links, at which stranger ministers from all places were present, and took part to keep alive the good work. Mr. Nixon, too, had tent-preaching in the links on Sabbath evenings. At the same time, a great revival of religion took place in Ferryden, which was thought to be so genuine and universal on the part of those who sat down at the Lord's Table, that the Rev. Mr. Foote of Brechin, on dispensing the Sacrament there, said he should not think it necessary to fence the tables.

Recurring to the state of matters in former days, it was wonderful to see the unanimity that prevailed among churchmen and dissenters, and their co-operation in Missionary and Bible Societies. I remember a meeting being held in the Old Church—perhaps it was the first to form an auxiliary

to the British and Foreign Bible Society—at which the Rev. George Cowie, and likely other dissenting ministers, were present, when Dr. Paterson said in his address:—"Shall we not unite together in sending the Bible to those brave soldiers and sailors who have fought our battles?" and on many other occasions, as I see by several volumes of the *Evangelical Magazine* I have by me for 1823-4-5, how they joined together to support benevolent societies, so that although they differed in name they united in object. There is nothing fairer, perhaps, than this, that the amount of service rendered to the State in its defence, should be the measure of reward to those who defend it; and this consideration has more to do with liberty of conscience, than may at first sight be observed; for in high quarters this has often been the rule of conduct. George III., in his domestic arrangements, favoured Methodists and Churchmen alike; and when we reflect how much the Queen was indebted to Havelock for the safety of her Indian Empire, it shows that the State can not do without the services of all rightly disposed persons, and the question is not asked to what denomination they belong. And perhaps there is no instance on record, where so much self-denial and zeal were shown, as when to quell the mutiny in India, and to uphold the Queen's sovereignty there, General Outram, at the siege of Lucknow, resigned his superior command in favour of Havelock, and acted under his authority. If all would act in like manner, on the maxim "*detur dignissimo*," or "*palmam qui meruit ferat*," Britain would still more than she is be the best governed country in the world,—as it is, the same result is reached, when the ablest men are raised by the force of public opinion, to sway the councils of the nation. Indeed, a worthy example was shown in the case of two rival journals in Montrose, when the *Standard* ascribed the credit of raising the Volunteer Corps to Mr. Taylor the



editor of the *Review*. It is well that our lot is cast in such peaceful times, when all ranks and classes are animated with zeal in the service of her Majesty the Queen, who reigns in the hearts of her subjects, and sets before all, of every rank and degree, such a worthy example, both in her regal and in her private state—as witness her deeds of charity in every public calamity, as the Hartley Colliery, and other cases, too numerous to mention. Her acts of private munificence are also widely known. In her reign, more is done to consolidate than to extend her large and wide dominions, and to cement all classes of society together; and in this worthy object, the great and the noble of the land lend their aid, to whatsoever party in the state they belong. It was not exactly so when the American war broke out. Opinion was divided as to the justice of it, but it did not go farther than opinion. At this time, Mr. Nesbit was one of the ministers of the Old Church, and he thought they had no right to be taxed without being represented in Parliament, and spoke very freely about it even from the pulpit. At one time in his discourse, waxing warmer and warmer upon it, and perhaps bringing forward cases in the Old Testament to bear him out, the Magistrates, sitting opposite to him, could stand it no longer, but rose up and dropped away one after another, when with a pointed allusion to them he said, “The wicked flee when no man persueth.”

Whether the pulpit was the proper place to discuss politics, I don't say, or whether what is politically wrong can be morally right, I just give the story as I find it in his life. The Magistrates of the day were so ultra-loyal, that they wrote up to Government about him, and so represented the case, that he was lodged in durance until he got two gentlemen to bail him out, and the desk, containing his sermons and papers was ordered to be sealed up; but Mr. Japp unscrewed the boards behind and took them out without

breaking the seals. The Magistrates and he had never been on the most friendly terms, for on one occasion, as he was coming into town on horseback, they met him, and said, "Oh, Mr. N., you are on a high horse to-day—your Master rode on an ass." Mr. N., who was always very witty, replied, "Yes, but all the asses were made into town councillors yesterday!" Mr. Nesbit withal was a good and very able man, as may be seen by reading his life; and his society and correspondence were courted by some of the greatest noblemen and the most pious and gifted ministers, as well as by ladies of high rank in the land. However favouring Republicanism, he went to America, and became President of the College of Carlisle. But it is said that his salary was but indifferently made up, and after he had been some years in America, he seems to have regretted that he had left this country. Another witty story is told of him, that when some of the heads of the town, together with Mrs Carnegie of Charleton, were laying the plans of the Lunatic Asylum, the question came to be how far the walls about it should extend, "Oh," Mr. Nesbit said, "you had better make them round the *whole town*!" Those, be it observed, were the days of self-elected Town Councils, when the old Council elected the new, and did not always choose the fittest men. Some of them, too, were not so well grounded in the Latin as they should have been, for when they had occasion to allude to some one who was defunct, one of the Council said, "We had better call the 'defunct' to answer for himself." No such abuse of authority as sometimes then prevailed can exist now, for it may be said we are self-governed, having as a community the appointment of our own municipal rulers, and in this respect, we may enjoy the best privileges of a Republic, together with the protection afforded by our connection with a well ordered monarchy. It is well also to have noblemen of high rank, and of lofty attainments to

adorn that rank to look up to; and not as in America, where there is too much of a dead level, and where there is little public opinion. We have also amongst us, and in our immediate neighbourhood, gentlemen of solid worth and of exemplary conduct, giving encouragement to the prosecution of science and literature, by presiding over our winter course of lectures, as well as occupying the most honourable place in the Volunteer Corps—need I mention Mr. Macdonald of Rossie and St. Martins, and Colonel Renny Tailour of Newmanswalls and Borrowfield—a worthy scion of a noble stock, for I remember the inhabitants shut their shops and places of business on the day of his father's funeral. His father also, I was told, contributed liberally to the erection of the Trades' Schools, and paid for the education of at least one young man at these schools. How much better are we to have men of this kind to look up to, than many in that boasted land, where the almighty dollar bears rule, and many are to be found who have nothing but their money to recommend them. That alone, without more solid claims to favour, will not recommend them, for I remember of a countryman, whose family fell heirs to a fortune, each of them having £1000. Of course the old people could not alter their way of life much—the man continued to wear his broad divot of a bonnet, and to work at his usual occupation; and the sons were sent to the parish school to learn Latin; but Jock could make nothing of it, and said Latin was a curse to the country, and it was either a feast or a famine with them. Now, it requires breeding and culture to give a man a superior standing in society, corresponding to his wealth; and this standing is sometimes only reached after a long line of noble and illustrious ancestors, whose sons emulate their sires, and neither is it always acquired by descent.

Such a dignified and proper bearing is soonest acquired in the Army or Navy: for whether a voyage round the

Cape to India and back, improves the flavour of wine or not, I don't know, but this I do know, that the service of Her Majesty, either on sea or land, gives a man an air of nobility such as nothing else can do; and I have known the son of a humble mechanic in Montrose return from his ship on the coast of Africa, so brushed up and polished, as to be a fit companion for the best gentleman in Montrose—indeed, fit to take his place in any society. This is to be accounted for, perhaps, from their having no choice but to do as the officers do. In civil life they can choose their own society, or shun it altogether.

After Mr. Nesbit went to America, Mr. Mollison succeeded him in the first charge in this way: Lord Ethie or Northesk gave leave to the town to quarry stones from the Redhead to build that part of the quay between the lazy-hole and the old shore-dues office, and in process of time, when the second minister's charge had to be filled up, his lordship, reminding them of the favour, put in a word to appoint his tutor to the office, and as one good turn deserves another, they at once complied.

Many stories are told of Mr. Mollison's good fellowship at marriages, christenings, &c. Coming from the North-water from marrying a couple, a farmer asked him where he had been. The minister said he had been marrying a couple, but he did not see the bride. The man asked in astonishment how that could be. "Ow," said Mr. M., "I saw an 'uman yonder, but the bride was in the kist-neuk," that was, the man had married her for her money. He went to call upon a Mrs Sievewright at the Lochside, who was in bed very ill, and going to see her about six weeks afterwards, he found her going about again, and said, "Mrs Sievewright, I'm very glad to see you so well again." She stood still looking at him, and said nothing; but a neighbour being at hand said "Tuts, that's his new wife: he's married again—he's married again. He was in the

habit of visiting an old woman at the head of Bridge Street, in a garret near Stewart the cutler. Dr. Smith afterwards visited the same woman; and somebody remarked that he was an able divine, and came a great way to see her. "That's all very true," she said, "but oh, he's far frae like my ain Mr. Mollison, for as sune as his prayer was ower, there was a shillin' shot in a mi' lufe." Mr. M. met an old woman at the head of the town, who, after the ordinary salutation, asked him "if that old woman that he so often prayed for was livin' yet." "What woman do you mean?" "Ou, Annie Christie," said she. The minister had prayed for the downfall of antichrist. Mr. Mitchell succeeded Mr. Mollison in the second charge. He had before that been tutor to Sir Walter Scott, who afterwards visited him at Montrose, to get materials for his ghost stories. He was afterwards minister at Wooler in Northumberland, lived there to a good old age, and had Mr. Bryce as his assistant, who was afterwards minister of Gilcomston Church, Aberdeen. Mr. Mitchell, by all accounts, had not that hardy constitution—that "stomach," as the old writers say, to enable him to bear the rubs of the world.

## CHAPTER IV.

## Education in Montrose.

**M**ONTROSE has the honour of being the first place in Scotland where the Greek language was taught, although in the days of Robert the Bruce, "the seminaries had acquired so much celebrity, that he granted the sum of twenty shillings towards their support." James Melville in his diary relates of his uncle Andrew—that prodigy of learning and bold champion of the Reformation in Scotland—that with the portion that was left him, he spent, a year or two in Montrose, learning Greek and French under M. Marsilliers whom John Erskine brought to Montrose, in which he made such progress, as to astonish the Professor of St. Andrews, by whom he was tenderly beloved, especially by Mr. John Douglas, Provost of that College, and Rector of the University, who would take him betwixt his legs at the fire in winter, and warm his hands and cheeks, and blessing him, say "My sillie and motherless child, it's ill to wit what God may mak of thie yet." This presentiment of his teacher was fully realised in all the leading events of his future life—whether as the promoter of sound learning in the Universities and Schools of Scotland, or in his actings as the Father of Presbytery. And there is no saying how much he was indebted for his acknowledged pre-eminence in learning to his acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages in Montrose. His preceptors at the College of St. Andrews were not envious, either at his superiority to them in the Greek language, "with which, indeed, they were unacquainted, for

they read and commented upon the works of Aristotle in a Latin translation. Melville, however, made use of the Greek text in his studies, a circumstance which excited astonishment in the University; but it should be recorded to the praise of his teachers, that, though they could not fail to be mortified under a sense of their own inferiority, they indulged in no mean jealousy of the superior acquirements of their pupil; testified no desire to eclipse his reputation; threw no obstacles in the way of his advancement; but on the contrary, loaded him with commendation, and did every thing in their power to encourage a youth, who they fondly hoped would prove a credit and an ornament to his country.”\* He remodelled and presided over the Colleges of Glasgow and St. Andrews, as well as taught in them; and the fame of his learning induced many foreigners to attend such celebrated seats of learning.

James Melville, after having been a few years at the school of Logie, was sent to continue his learning at Montrose. “The maister of the scholl, was a lerned, honest, kynd man, whom also for thankfulness I name, Mr. Andro Miln. I never got a stroke of his hand; howbeit, I committed twa stupid faults, as it were with fire and sword:—Having the candle in my hand, on a winter night, before six o’clock, in the school, sitting in the class, bairnly and negligently playing with the bent, with which the floor was strewed, it kindled, so that we had much ado to put it out with our feet. The other was being molested by a condisciple, who cut the strings of my pen and ink-horn with his pen-knife; I aiming with my pen-knife to his legs to fley him; he feared, and lifting now a leg and now the other, rushed on his leg upon my knife, and struck himself a deep wound in the shin of the leg, which was a quarter of a year in curing. In the

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\* M’Orie’s Life of Melville.

time of the trying of the matter, he saw me so humble, so feared, so grieved, yield so many tears, and by fasting and mourning at the school all day, that he said he could not find in his heart to punish me farther. But my righteous God let me not slip that fault, but gave me a warning, and remembrance what it was to be defiled with blood, although negligently ; for within a short space, after I had caused a cutler, newly come to the town, to polish and sharp the same pen-knife, and had bought a pennyworth of apples, and cutting and eating the same in the links, as I put the slice in my mouth, I began to lope up upon a little sand brae, having the pen-knife in my right hand, I fell, and struck myself, missing my belly, an inch deep in the inward side of the left knee, even to the bean, whereby, the equity of God's judgment, and my conscience struck me so, that I was the more wary of knives all my days."\*

"The grammar school was taught in the Melvilles' time by Mr. Thomas Anderson, who, though his learning was slender, was esteemed one of the best teachers of his time ; and under his tuition, Andrew Melville acquired the principles of the Latin language, in which he afterwards became so great a proficient. It was the custom in the schools of this period to combine bodily exercises with the improvement of the mind. By the means of these, joined to the attention paid to him at home, Andrew recovered from his early debility, and gradually attained that health of body, which he enjoyed with very little interruption to an advanced age."†

The Grammar School had the honour of being taught by David Lindsay, son to the laird of Edzell, who, on account of his learning it would not be unreasonable to suppose, had some hand in the symbolical devices and Latin inscriptions

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\* Melville's Diary.

† M'Crie's Life of Melville.



which to this day are to be seen around the walls of the garden of the old Castle of Edzell. Lindsay was afterwards bishop, first of Brechin, and then of Edinburgh; and it was at his head that Jeanie Geddes flung the stool when he began to read the book of common prayer in the High Church of Edinburgh, in July, 1637.

There have been from time to time many eminent teachers in the Montrose Academy. The Rev. George Cowie, Independent Minister of Montrose, was at one time, before he left the Established Church, teacher of English, and he had a very good style of reading. Perhaps it is not generally known, that the Rev. Dr. Gordon of the High Church of Edinburgh, was a candidate for the Rectorship of the Montrose Academy, but such was the case, as Provost Burness told me many years ago. But it is of late years that the Academy had a Rector. The first was a Mr. Johnston. Dr. J. P. Nicol, afterwards Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, was previously Rector of the Academy. About 50 years ago, the names of the public teachers were:—Mr. James Calvert, Rector of the Grammar School; Mr. John Rintoul, and Mr. James Norval, teachers of Reading and Grammar; besides which the latter taught Geography; Mr. Robert Baird, and subsequently Mr. W. Beattie, teachers of Writing and Arithmetic; and Mr. Robert Monro, teacher of Drawing.

Of all these, Mr. Calvert was the one that we stood most in awe of, for he was a powerful man, and it was no joke to incur his displeasure. He would have given a dozen of “palmies” at any time; and we would have been shaking in our shoes if we had not our lessons—it was in fact sometimes a reign of terror; though at other times he would have been funny enough, and even then his fun was sometimes worse than his earnest, for he would have set himself down beside us, and thrashed us, at first in a playful mood;

but if any had winced under the lash, or lifted up his trousers to save his skin, he would have laid on harder, and sometimes got angry. We were always glad of a visit from Provost Burnes, for when he looked in, it was always with a smiling face, and his salutation was "*Salve Domine*," to which Mr. C. replied "*Salvus sis mi Erasme*," and everything got on smoothly that afternoon; and if we had any fear, it always left us when the Provost made his appearance, and we felt happy, as when the sun breaks forth in a cloudy day. When he was angry the saying was, "He'll not pass a word the day." On one of these occasions, he was thrashing the class that was up most unmercifully, and those that had still to be called up, would have been all anxiety to be prepared with their lessons; but one thinking it impossible that he would escape, and dreading Calvert's lash more than anything that could happen to him, got a bit of tobacco and chewed it, and made himself so sick, that he was vomiting on the floor. When Mr. C. was told that he was so sick, he came to him and said: "Poor fellow, he is very ill; what has come over him? One of you boys had better take him out to the fresh air, or just as well take him home altogether." This was what the rogue wanted, just to be out of Calvert's reach, and I believe he was ill with a sore belly all that night. But all this severity did not make us get our lessons any better; we just enjoyed our play the more when we got out. We did not enjoy the advantages within the reach of boys now at the Academy of getting help with our lessons at night—all the help we got was when we could see Wattie Scott, or any body, to read over the construction hurriedly at a close head, a few minutes before the school went in; and if any of us could not follow him, he would not go back upon it. Now the boys get help with their tasks, and are pretty well prepared for next day which must give them a feeling of comfort, besides a good

habit of learning a little every day, for "small strokes fell great oaks," and "*Ut gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sæpe cadendo, sic puer fit doctus non vi, sed sæpe legendo.*" When the scholars have their lessons well prepared, it gives the teacher opportunity to give them more information about the niceties of the language, and makes the whole more of a pleasure than a task. But Mr. C., though a hard master, was proud if any of his scholars rose to distinction in after life; and I noticed that he went to hear the Rev. Dr. King, one of them, in Mr. Nixon's church; and was present at Sir Alex. Burnes's banquet, when he asked me if the Trades gave me time to take my dinner.

Mr. Rintoul was an excellent and pains-taking teacher of Reading, Spelling, and Grammar. He kept up good discipline in the school—sometimes he had 70 in the highest class. He had a good, well-toned voice; and I always said when at Aberdeen, that I never heard a reader like Mr. Rintoul. As to his faithfulness to his trust, I may mention, that when a few of us were kept in for not having our lessons, we had to read the same piece over perhaps twenty times till we read it to please him, thinking always when we got to the end this will do now—"No, read it over again." Although he had only the use of his left hand, he could give a very hard "palmy," and was accounted so severe, that the boys made a bonfire at his death. He wrote beautifully, too, with his left hand. It happened sometimes after a few of the classes had been heard, and the rest would have been waiting their turn to be called up, that Mr. R. would have dismissed the whole school, being probably invited out to dinner that day, and I suppose no greater joy could be felt than when children are so unexpectedly set free.

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\* "As a drop hollows a stone, not by force, but by often falling, so a boy becomes learned, not by force, but by often reading."

Mr. Norval never had so many scholars as Mr. Rintoul, although no doubt he was a very efficient teacher, and the only one who taught Geography at that time. Being of a rather snarling disposition, it made the ill-disposed boys play tricks upon him. Both Mr. Calvert's school and his entering by the same passage in the middle of the old schools, the boys would have rapped with their feet at his side, when he would have come out, tawse in hand; but I don't know if he ever found out the culprits. Archie Fraser had a goat that some way or other got into the school; and being a rather troublesome companion, it was put into the place of confinement for bad boys, but making its escape, it sprang through the window and smashed it. Better had it been if the window had been opened at first. He delivered very learned lectures on Astronomy, which were afterwards published—it was indeed a treat to hear him make a speech on any public occasion, being droll and sarcastic. He got on altogether very creditably, and managed by the fruits of his industry, to build a habitation for himself more than a mile out of town, which he named the "Cottage of Repose," where, to the end of his days he enjoyed that *otium cum dignitate*, which it were to be wished that every teacher, who is really a public benefactor, should have. Mr. R. Monro made a most perfect likeness of him, now to be seen in the Museum.

Mr. Robert Baird was the only teacher of Writing and Arithmetic, until Mr. William Beattie came; and this might never have been, if Mr. Baird had got an assistant, which, although the council pressed it upon him, he would never consent to do, until health failing him, he was obliged to have one. He had a very numerous school, and always managed to keep up his authority well, and so much the better; that he was never known to laugh in the school, and that he kept up that respect for himself which

every teacher should have before he do much good. However, for some fault or other, he drove a boy upon a desk, and made his nose bleed, and that boy's father being a member of the town council, he urged them to get another teacher, since Mr. B. would not consent to get an assistant, and this led to Mr. Beattie's being appointed. He first taught in the old council-room, until the Academy was built in 1814. Several of Mr. Baird's scholars left him to the new master, whose style of writing was different from Mr. Baird's, who wrote a beautiful round hand, the turns being better shaped than copper-plate, being of a graceful oval shape; now Mr. B. made sharper turns, and was also a most beautiful ornamental writer, whether Old English, German text, or flourishing. The figures of birds and eagles that he dashed off upon the boys' count books, were superb. Mr. Baird at this time began us to make capitals on the slate, figures and things, but never attempted the ornamental writing, and he would at times have quarrelled any of the scholars for making saw-teethed turns as he called them; this was Beattie's style. Mr. Baird once fainted in the school, and fell flat on the floor, and such a shriek got up, especially among the girls, for I suppose we all thought he was dead. However, he lived long after this, and died, I think about 1821, at the early age of 47, although any body would have said he was ten years older—the man in fact was never well. He would have gone backwards and forwards making and mending pens the whole day, except when he looked at the copies, or laid down pens. Many a hitch would he have given to his weary shoulders. He left £3000 at his death to an aunt. So grave and taciturn was he at school, that when John Calvert told me he was funny and joky in his own house I would not believe it. Some of us noticed Mr. Baird and Mr. Beattie coming down the church-yard together; and

we thought they were speaking together; but Mr. Beattie, many years afterwards, when I was teacher in the Trades' School, and mentioned the circumstance to him, said, that Mr. Baird never spoke to him in his life, although they were for years colleagues in the Academy.

After the comparison drawn between the two teachers of writing, &c., little requires to be said of Mr. Beattie, but that he was an excellent teacher, both of writing and arithmetic, and that his style of writing was better adapted for girls than boys. He was pensioned off at last, when a new arrangement was made in the classes of the Academy, with £50 a year—a very good retiring allowance.

Mr. Robert Monro was teacher of drawing, and I never liked any class that I attended better, and always felt disappointed when any thing had prevented him coming. He taught both sketching and water-colours, and excelled in oil-painting, having improved himself—(for he was a genius in drawing)—under some celebrated master. He drew his own portrait by a mirror, and it was considered a good likeness; and no better proof of his skill in portrait painting could be desired than the picture of Mr. Norval in the Museum, for it is true to the life. He would have drawn imaginary pictures in oil.

The present teachers are in nowise behind their respected predecessors, but in many things their superiors, especially as they require the lessons to be well prepared at home. Mr. Hay has been very fortunate in getting such an able assistant as Mr. Crockart, who is a most beautiful writer. The prize-map of Europe, drawn by Miss M. Rodgers, is a *chef-d'oeuvre*, and in lightness of touch and finish surpasses an engraving. Although it has nothing to do with her proficiency, yet it may be mentioned, as it is a fact, that her father learned to make maps at the Trades' School many years ago, and he did them in style. The Academy, in short, in all its departments

is a most respectable institution, and does much credit to the town. The line in Virgil, changing the first word in the text, may be addressed to the scholars—

*"O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint  
Discipuli."*

#### MR. CALVERT'S BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. Calvert was appointed at the beginning of the century to succeed Aaron Lithgow, to whom he was assistant, and probably from the time of his marriage began to keep boarders. The house he lived in, before coming to Mr. Hodgson's house in Hodgson Square, was that large house before you come to Sheret's Close at the Port. He had at the time I was with him—between 1815 and 1820—from 20 to 30 boarders at £30 each, besides £3 for washing; and he had all the laird's sons far and near as boarders—the Taylors of Kirktonhill, the laird of Brotherton's son, the Raitts of Anniston, the Duncans of Parkhill, John Bell, the provost's son of Dundee, two from Arbroath, George Wilson, son of the minister of Farnell, the Websters of Carmyllie, who once lived at Newmanswalls, and many others. The carriage used always to be sent for the Taylors on the Saturday, and brought them back on the Monday. They once requested me to go home with them, and being brought up in town, I thought it no small honour to get a ride in a chaise. The lady, on Sunday, after breakfast, made us read verse about a chapter in the Bible, and in the evening heard us the Catechism, Mr Robert Taylor being the young laird at the time. On Sabbath evening Mr C. took us all out a walk in the links, down from his own house along the golf-course, and when we got home we retired to the school-room; but when we heard the voice of Miss Calvert calling up stairs, "come down, boys," it sounded as a knell of departed joys in our ears, for we had to go down and repeat our Psalms, Paraphrases, and Catechism, and though we had them all it made no difference, such a terror was it to be summoned into

Mr C.'s presence. Sometimes Mr Baird would have called upon him, and then we were never called down—a happy relief.

Being accustomed when at Mr Calvert's to spend the vacation at Muirton of Benholm, I told the boarders how kindly we were treated by our friends there, when on a holiday 14 or 15 of them went out in a body—a distance of 13 miles—and landed upon them for dinner, hungry enough, yon may be sure, after such a journey.



## CHAPTER V.

## Meeting of General Assembly at Montrose in 1600.

**W**E come now, in the order of events, to notice the Meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which took place at Montrose on March, 28, 1600, at which King James VI. was present. Very great interest was felt in this Assembly, because it was expected to decide the continually recurring question as to the respective claims of Presbyterianism or Episcopacy to be the National Religion. Not but what this was settled long before, for Presbytery had received Parliamentary sanction in 1592 by an act which confirmed the Church of Scotland's liberties, and before that, in an Assembly held at Edinburgh, on the 4th of August, 1590, the King stood up, and taking off his bonnet, with his hands and eyes lifted up to Heaven, he broke out as it were in an exfacy of praises and thanksgivings to God—1, That he was born into the world at a time when the light of God's word shone clearly forth, eclipsed neither with the mists of ignorance, nor the false lights of superstition ; 2, He blessed God that had honoured him to be a King over such a Kirk, the sincerest Kirk in the world, repeating it three times. Notwithstanding this, the King soon afterwards made innovations upon this "pure Church."

It was no sooner known that Andrew Melville had come to Montrose than the King sent for him. His Majesty asked him why he was so troublesome, by persisting to attend Assemblies after he had prohibited him. He replied, that he

had a commission from the Church, and that he behoved to discharge it, under the pain of incurring the displeasure of one who was greater than any earthly monarch. Recourse was then had to menaces, but they only served to rouse Melville's spirit. On quitting the royal apartment, he put his hand to his throat and said, "Sir, is it this you want? Take this head, and cut it off: you shall have it before I will betray the cause of Christ." He was not allowed to take his seat in the Judicatory; but it was judged inadvisable to order him out of the town, as had been done on a former occasion. He accordingly remained, and assisted his brethren with arguments and advice during the sitting of the Assembly.

We cannot help thinking that if Melville had united more the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, he would have made more of the King. He might have addressed him thus:—"Most High and Mighty Prince, it becomes all in this land to 'honour the King,' and more especially is it the duty of Ministers to show a good example to their flock in this respect; they are indeed enjoined in Scripture to do so, but we think we honour your Majesty most, when we obey Him by whom Kings reign, and Princes decree justice. Now we think that we have more warrant in the New Testament for Presbyterianism than for Episcopacy; and the early Reformers in this country had most fruits of their ministry amongst the humbler classes, and we crave your Majesty's forbearance in the prosecution of our labours amongst them; and your Majesty will find it a wiser policy to have the foundation of society laid broad and deep, for when there is a solid substratum, the upper may rest upon it, but cannot displace it. We find the upper classes not so amenable to discipline as the middle and lower classes, and without strict order, no church can exist. Give us, therefore, all the countenance and aid you can in our work, and we will do our endeavour to make the people happy and contented under your Majesty's sway." If Melville

had spoken thus, the King might have dismissed him, as the Bishop did John Wesley, with, "well, Mr Wesley, you are a good man."

The King, it will be observed, was very vacillating in his policy towards the Church. He believed, indeed, that bishops would be more subservient to his arbitrary rule than the ministers; and, above all, it is thought, and not without reason, that he had always an eye to succession to the throne of England, and wished to pave the way for it by pleasing the bishops there. Now, keeping this in view, we have a key to what passed at the Assembly at Montrose. The first question discussed was the one which was left over from the Conference at Holyrood House, viz.—whether the ministers should have a vote in Parliament. This would have been the first step towards making them bishops, and then they would have ruled the Church as the King had a mind, and abrogated the laws in favour of Presbytery. The staunch Presbyterians in the Assembly had no wish to rule in Church and State, arguing that "the duties of the ministerial office are so great and manifold, and the injunctions to constant and unremitted diligence in discharging them so numerous, so solemn, and so urgent, that no minister who is duly impressed with these will accept of another function, which must engross much of his time and attention." In corroboration of these arguments a paper was given in, consisting of extracts from the writings of reformed divines and of the fathers, with the decisions of the most ancient and renowned general councils. The Court party, who took the affirmative side of the debate, were not able to reply to these arguments, and were forced to give up the ground they had taken up, and affecting now to condemn the union of sacred and civil offices, pleaded that the ministers who were to sit in Parliament would have no civil charge, but were merely to be present to watch over the interests of the Church, and give their advice in important cases. When it

was urged that the ministerial voter must be employed in making laws for the whole kingdom, they took refuge under one of the worst of James's political maxims, that the King alone makes laws, and the Estates merely give their advice. It would take up too much of our space to put down all that was said at this Assembly ; but the conclusion come to was, that the General Assembly, with the advice of Synods and Presbyteries, should nominate six individuals in each province, from which number his Majesty should choose one as the ecclesiastical representative of that province. These Commissioners of the Church to Parliament were bound down by the act which ratified this decision, as well as by oath, not to do anything in the exercise of this office contrary to the mind of the Church, or without its sanction, notwithstanding which caveats, the Archbishop and his colleagues were afterwards deposed and excommunicated by the General Assembly for violating them.

It must be allowed, from the records of history, that it would have been better if James and his immediate successors had meddled less than they did with the affairs of the Church in this land ; for the early Reformers of the Church were men of deep and serious convictions, who could not be turned aside *de tramite recto*, as George Buchanan says in the first Psalm, by motives of worldly policy ; indeed, if the King had had any such convictions himself, he would not have expected it of them. And, after all, what did it avail ? for as often as he built up a castle of cards, it was demolished by the Church. But James thought himself an adept at kingcraft, and wrote a book entitled " Basilicon Doron, or Kingly Gift," by which it is to be feared the two Charleses were too much guided, and so that dynasty lost, as Dr. M'Crie says, a triple crown in the end. James's motto was, " No Bishop, no King ;" but that was a mistake, for the ministers repeatedly assured him that they would lay down their lives in

defence of his crown and dignity ; and all good men love order and good government, and there have been many good bishops in the Church of England and in the sister Church of Scotland, as Archbishop Leighton in this country, not to speak of modern times ; although it may be mentioned, to the praise of the present Bishop of St. Andrews, that he ardently desires union among the Churches, if a solid basis could be found, and Dean Ramsay is another bright example of a liberal Churchman. He always speaks in most respectful terms of other Churches, and co-operates with them in every good work around him. There is nothing to hinder a good and pious bishop, a man of apostolic fervour, to be of immense benefit to the Church, for he can draw up pastors of a like spirit, and in his hands is the power of ordaining them, so that if he himself is one of whom it may be said he walks in the light, or "in the Spirit," which are synonymous terms, then he will have in lively exercise all the graces of the Spirit. These are—(Gal v. 22, 23)—love, joy, peace; long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. These may be said to be the component parts of spiritual light, as the colours of the rainbow are the elements of natural light, for the God of nature is also the God of grace. Most school-boys know that if the seven primitive colours are put in their due proportions on a round card, quickly moving round a centre, they will be white as light, so the fruits of the spirit, when blended together in the same way, produce that spiritual light in which we are expected to walk.

There is this salutary lesson to be learned from the eventful and useful life of Andrew Melville—the power which his early and successful training at the Montrose Grammar School gave him over all his contemporaries. This vantage-ground enabled him to take a firm hold of truth, and to combat successfully all opposing forces ; only, at the same time, it carried him just a little too far in the end, when he made

that Latin epigram on the King, for which he was confined in the Tower, though he did it not from any ill, but just as a good swimmer is sometimes, from his knowledge of the art, tempted to go beyond his depth ; and who can read without emotion with what a longing, lingering look his kind-hearted, guileless nephew, James Melville, saw receding from his view the place where his "beloved uncle was confined."

The young academicians of Montrose would act wisely if they would lay as good a foundation in Latin, Greek, and French as Andrew Melville did ; and it may be said they have now, if possible, better opportunities, and by the profitable use of their time now they will save themselves in after life many a weary hour of study.

## CHAPTER VI.

## Grades' Schools now Dorward's Seminary.

**W**HAT building beside the Academy, erected by the Seven Incorporated Trades of Montrose, was opened in August, 1833. The author and the Rev. James Dickson were the first teachers. It was built partly by subscription, for the Trades were not able to give much out of their funds, and I believe the town gave a little help in the end. It cost £700. But before proceeding farther, it may not be out of place to say a little about the situation which I left to come to Montrose. There are no high-ways, but there are bye-ways; and it is not every one that can sit down to write with that dogged determination that Dr. Johnson assumed when he was not altogether in the humour. Therefore, although what immediately follows may not seem to have much to do with the subject in hand, I hope the courteous reader will excuse me. Being up this morning at twenty minutes past five—too early an hour for putting on fire, without which it is not comfortable to sit long in a cold morning—I set out to take a walk to the top of the hill of Edzell, where the wind from the hills was rather cold. From the top of this hill you can see the sea in the distance, and I had not seen it for three weeks before. The hilly country about here very much resembles the Highlands of Argyleshire, where I was tutor to Captain Campbell at Duilletter, near Dalmally, for three years, and where I spent a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, including the day, but without the man Friday. At any rate, on my way thither from In-

verary, where I had been assistant to the parish schoolmaster, (Mr. George Riddoch, now at Elie,) I had to walk 18 miles, and, losing my way, I lay in the hills all night, hanging by hand to a birch tree at the side of a burn, and it was a drizzly night in October. Had it not been that I had a little mountain dew in a small flask, provided for me by Mrs Riddoch, I should have got my death of cold. From the place nothing was to be heard but the murmuring sound of the river Shrae at the bottom of the vale below, and, through the darkness visible, the frowning heights of the grampian mountains on the opposite side beyond. In short, I was in the land of Rob Roy Macgregor; and the hill facing Dalmally Inn and the Parish Church of Glenorchy, on the top of the same hill where I was all night, was that from which the Dugal Creature was thrown down. However, when the morning light appeared, I crawled up with difficulty to a height, and saw the house of Duilletter. The minister said, when I told him of my adventure, that he did not know whether to laugh at me or to be angry. I had been directed the way across the burn by some cottagers, but afterwards lost it, and could neither find my way back nor forward. When I arrived I got into the schoolmaster's bed, and he brought me some peat-reek whisky in a silver quaich, and in a short time, when the family were up, I was called to the parlour to breakfast, but could scarcely swallow from the exposure. However, after dinner I was all right again.

The previous summer having been wet, the peats had never been got properly dried, and we always had difficulty that winter in getting a fire made, so the boys and I had to rummage for firewood, and sometimes took a bit of paling when we could get no other. A good fire is a great help to study; but sometimes the landlady, when she looked in, would have grudged us the good fires we had. Tutors in the Highlands are expected to give a hand at gardening or farm work, and I



did both, though certainly not obliged, and not able to do much at a time. I don't know how Dr. Chalmers would have liked this, but I felt it good for me, and at last took so much interest in the garden that I would not come in to tea when strangers were at the house,—for, be it observed, we never had any tea unless when visitors came. The landlady was very economical ; but the first night I could not think enough why the tea was never coming ; at last, however, supper came, and we did ample justice to it. It is a very romantic, wild looking country, at the head of Loch Awe, and from the parlour window we saw the torrent rushing, and dashing down from the lofty grampian mountains not far off. An addition was made to the garden the spring before I left, and new buildings were erected, besides improvements made on the old, and it really cost me no small concern to leave the garden and kail plants that were thriving under my care. In such a retired glen, it was not likely that the children could have any idea of the amusements of a town-life ; but I got a great big dragon made and plenty of twine, and set it up among the hills, as I heard here (at Edzell) that Dr. Guthrie did in the country with his own children, and the youngsters were filled with wonder and amazement at the kite flying in the air. Now, this romantic way of living just suited me, and I never took the cold all the time I was there, though at Glasgow I could not get rid of it, and Mr. C. brought from that splendid city a pair of globes before I left, so that it was no wonder when in the *North British Advertiser* I saw an advertisement for two teachers wanted for the 'Trades' Schools of Montrose, my native town, that I hesitated about leaving. At first I thought it desirable to apply for one of these places, and changed my mind again, and consented to stop, and with the indecision brought upon myself a desperate headache—in fact, gave up all thoughts of it. Again I thought it is a pity not to try to get among my friends, and perhaps secure a permanent situa-

tion, so I said to Captain C. that if he would give me the situation for life I would remain ; but as that could not be, I got him to furnish a testimonial, and I wrote to the Convener, the late Mr. Thomas Barclay, watchmaker, that as no doubt both of the situations would now be filled up, if he would keep me in view for the next vacancy I would feel obliged. Immediately he wrote me that they had not got a teacher for the Upper School, for writing and arithmetic, and that I should come to Montrose and see about it. So, without delay I wrote to my old school-fellow, Mr. Adam Burnes, to show my letter to certain friends in Montrose. It was a curious coincidence, that on taking my seat at Glasgow on the top of the coach, the late Mr. William Sharp, wine-merchant, was my fellow-traveller, from whom I got all the information about the Trades' Schools, and how the land lay. He accompanied me as far as Perth, and told me to call upon his brother Charles at Montrose, with whom I remained a day or two, and was treated with much hospitality. Mr. Burnes and he went with me to Mr. T. Barclay, and then Mr. Sharp and I called upon Dr. Paterson. I was introduced to Dr. Smith and others. Mr. Nixon I had heard preach at Dr. J. T. Paterson's Scotch Church, Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland, several years before, and how strange I thought it now to find him minister of St. John's Chapel of Ease, Montrose. Although in one sense I had only to walk the course, there being no other competitor, yet I was subjected to a very strict examination, and had 35 questions to work and answer on the slate, and afterwards to put down the solutions in writing. Being locked in the lower school while this was in hand, Dr. Paterson would have looked in now and then and said, "If it is any encouragement to you, all you have yet done is right." There was wine and cake set down, but I would not taste till all was over. At last the ministers, Provost John Barclay, and other gentlemen came in and examined my work, and then

the Doctor withdrew to a desk and began writing. This was to recommend the Trades to appoint me to the situation. I have to thank Dr. Paterson especially, for he, the late Rev. Dr. Smith, and Rev. Mr. Nixon were all exceedingly friendly. This was like a new start in life again, after all I had passed through.

We were told plainly enough that it depended entirely upon our own exertions whether we succeeded or not. We were in what Sir Robert Peel called "the cold shade of opposition," and were made to see that we must act upon the motto, *omnia vincit labor*, and be martyrs to the cause. Nothing in these circumstances can sustain a man but the *mens conscia recti*, for the test is severe, and it requires a strong feeling of independence to sustain it. *Magna componere parvis*, such is the case with an independent member of Parliament, who has an eye to the public good, but great is his power. Such was the character of Joseph Hume, and such also is that of his worthy successor. A small independent party may turn the scale when it is nearly equally balanced between whig and tory, and may dispose either to adopt measures which will promote and secure the best interests of the country. To sustain us we had always the approval of the clergy of all denominations at the annual examinations, and in particular, on one occasion, the warm commendation of the Presbytery of Brechin; but there was the painful feeling that the smallest remissness on our part would upset the whole. Mr. Calvert once said to me, "You are hurting the Academy;" but it was expected from us that we should give as good an education as was given there, aye, and under every discouragement too. While on his visit to Montrose, Provost Burnes advised his son, Sir Alexander, to sink some money for prizes to the Academy and the Trades' Schools, as the best thing he could do for his native town; and, accordingly, he laid out £100 for this object, the interest of which is still given for prizes. On writing

to Sir Alexander in India, acknowledging the gift, he returned me the following letter :—

CABOOL, 21st July, 1840.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I really feel very much obliged to you for your very kind and most friendly expressions conveyed to me in your letter of the 30th of April last. Coming from Montrose, and from an old school-fellow, they conjure up many pleasing associations to gratify me, and bring back to my mind's eye those days when we so

‘Often loitered o’er that green,  
When pleasing innocence endeared each passing scene.’

It, I assure you, affords me no small satisfaction to find so small a gift so highly appreciated ; and if, under your able superintendence, the mite which I have contributed towards stirring up a little emulation is attended with beneficial consequences, I imagine at least I shall have more to thank in your kindness of expression to your pupils, than in the value of the gift. To tell the truth, fortune did not use to smile on me on examination-day. I never got a prize in my life, and though, I no doubt, got all I deserved, I remember many an examination passing without any prizes being awarded ; and at a lapse of some five-and-twenty years, I would fain persuade myself that had there been something to give *I might* have got it—so fondly, you see, do we cling to the brighter side of the picture.

“I have a very lively remembrance of you at school. You were in the class above me, but not so much advanced in years as to be in another clique. Whether we went to the North-Water—Dun's Brig—the Point—the Rock of St. Skae—Rossie—to ‘catch podlies’ at the pier, or use our *Sketchets* at the ‘Cruizers’—woes me ! I give a sigh as I think of the cares one brings on himself in after life by adding the affairs of the public to those of himself. That demon, ambition, I fear makes us climb the high hill, as my great relative Burns said, ‘not for the laudable anxiety of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the pride of looking down on our fellows,’ yet I do feel also that I have the ennobling feeling you speak of, and that I am working for my country's good, and hitherto that country has nobly rewarded me.

“If I were near you, I might have it in my power to give you a lift ‘for auld langsyne,’ and could I, you may be sure I would—as it is, my worthy father, I am sure, would for my sake do it ; nor would my good brother, Adam, fail, for believe me, you have my hearty good wishes for your welfare and prosperity ; and as Cicero said of Virgil, my best wish is that among

the youths you send forth there may be many you see shine as *magna spes alteræ Romæ*—no *Montisrosarum*,—and I ever am,

“Yours most faithfully and sincerely

(Signed)

ALEX. BURNES.

“To Mr. D. Mitchell, Trades’ School, Montrose.”

Sir Alexander Burnes was one of nature’s nobility—a youth full of promise and of high expectations—his career short as it was brilliant—and always his thoughts turned to home and its endearments—how he thought even of his bed-room! But oh! that unfortunate expedition he was sent on to restore Shah Soojah to the throne of his ancestors, which he had forfeited by his imbecility. Pity it was that Sir Alexander’s remonstrances were not listened to. His own subjects had discarded him as unfit to reign, and for the British Government to replace such a one was not in accordance with their wonted prudence, better would it have been for Sir Alexander to have resigned his commission, (if that were in accordance with military usage, as it is in affairs of state,) and then by the failure of the design in other hands it would have been seen that Sir Alexander was in the right, and his life would have been saved. Above all, it was an ungracious task for him, who had been kindly and hospitably treated by the reigning chief.

It should be mentioned, that on his visit to Montrose there was a grand public dinner given to him in the Guild Hall, at which the late Lord Panmure was present, and many of his school companions. They were all enthusiastic in their admiration of him, and delighted at the opportunity of bearing a part in such a testimonial of their high appreciation of his merits—it was with such emotion perhaps as Joseph’s brethren felt when they saw him raised to high and deserved honour. His worthy father was there, and made one of his excellent and spirit-stirring speeches. He made an excellent one himself. When he came to notice the improvements in Montrose since

he left it he spoke thus—"Beginning at my father's garden, there is the Academy, and the Trades' Schools rivalling the Academy—(this was like incense to me you may be sure, but it was left out of the report of the *Review*)—and the tall chimneys, like the minarets in our Indian cities." This is all of it that I recollect.

The following notice of Sir Alexander Burnes's death, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* of the 8th February, 1842, may interest my readers, as shewing how much he was appreciated by others than Scotchmen, and also as containing a condensed summary of his brilliant career :—

"THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.—This lamented individual, who according to the reports published yesterday, was cruelly massacred in Cabool, was a distinguished member of several of the scientific societies in the metropolis, and well known in the literary world. His age was between 35 and 40, and he entered into the 21st native infantry in 1821. When he held the rank of lieutenant in 1831 he was deputed in a political capacity to the court of Lahore, charged with a letter from George IV., and a present of some horses, to the ruler of that country. The object of this mission having been completed, he next made a journey to trace the course of the Indus, which had been previously crossed only at particular points by former travellers, whilst several points had not been surveyed. He here visited many of the conquests of Alexander, and was the first European of modern times who had navigated the river Indus, an expedition attended with great risk and hazard. He then visited Bokhara, the great seat of Arabic literature in the east, which was known as 'Illum ul Bilad,' the 'Mother of Cities.' On his return from his expedition to this country in 1834 he was made a fellow of the Royal Society, and received the honorary testimonials of several other learned bodies. In May, 1834, he received from the Royal Geographical Society the fourth royal premium of fifty guineas for his navigation of the river Indus, and a journey to Balkh and Bokhara across Central Asia. At the meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society on Feb. 21, 1835, Earl Munster, V. P., in the chair, this lamented individual was elected an honorary member, for having 'fixed with accuracy the position of Bokhara and Balkh, and the great Himalayan mountains, and having done more to the construction of a map of those countries than had been done since Alexander the Great.' On this occasion he was complimented by Sir Alexander Johnstone for having almost ascertained a continuous route and link of com-

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munication between Western Asia and the Caspian Sea, as also for his excellent diplomatic arrangements with the Ameers of Sindh. The museum of the Royal Asiatic Society also contains the Bokhara cloak worn by him in his travels in the Punjab. He was the author of many papers in the 'Transactions of the Geographical and Asiatic Societies,' and his 'Travels in Bokhara,' which went through two editions, are well known. The late Sir Alexander Burnes, who was of a Scotch family, held local rank as lieutenant-colonel for services in Afghanistan and Persia, which was dated 8th April, 1836, and shortly afterwards on his return to India, in acknowledgment of his diplomatic and other services, he was knighted, and made companion of the Bath. His services were chiefly devoted in a diplomatic capacity to his country; but his geographical researches in Central Asia were unequalled by any modern traveller."

I have only yet mentioned by name my excellent colleague, now the Rev. James Dickson,—but a better teacher of English Grammar, and of the Languages, could not have been selected. If he had only remained I might have been there too. I was pressed enough to be sure. He had the best method of imparting a knowledge of English Grammar of any I ever knew by the questions he put. He could also teach Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Italian. He helped, indeed, the late Mr. George Milne to translate a book from the Norse language. Many years after he left the Trades' School he received, as I have heard, £40 a-year for teaching in one family in Montrose; and he taught the young ladies Greek and Hebrew, French and Italian—some of these perhaps ministers' wives since.

The following is a specimen of the letters written in the author's department of the Trades' Schools—all imaginary of course.

"LONDON, 20th July, 1835.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You have most kindly consulted my feelings in writing thus early in answer to my last. Your letter of 15th instant, which I anxiously looked for, conveyed the most welcome intelligence of the welfare of the whole family. You have no idea how delightful it is to hear from

home, when one has left it for the first time to live at a distance among strangers. Your letter restored me, as it were, once more to my place in the family circle, and I assure you I shall return with increased delight to my business in the counting-house, and when my work is over for the day, shall enjoy a ramble about town ; but you need not be afraid that I shall associate with any bad companions. My master's son, William, is just of my own age, and he promised that when he had done his tasks for school he would accompany me and shew any thing worth seeing about the public buildings. He is really a nice boy, I think, and shews early symptoms of being exactly such a business-man as his father. He is my sole companion at present, and if we make any more acquaintance I am determined they shall be well selected, being firmly resolved to be guided by the excellent rules you laid down as to forming connections. I think I shall like my business very well. I rise at five this fine weather, and have time to dress and take a short walk before going to the counting-house at six ; but early rising is no trouble to me now, having been in the practice of attending school so early at Montrose, and I find I am much the better of it, for I enjoy a good appetite still, for all they say about the bad air of London. The sickly, meagre-looks of many of the cockneys must, I am sure, be owing to their sitting up so late, going to places of entertainment, and lying so long in bed. The clerks, and many of the principal partners, even in wholesale concerns in town, are astir at six, and get most of their country orders despatched before breakfast, after which they have more time to attend to their town and other business—such as bringing up the books, &c., it being an invariable maxim with my master, and indeed in all well-conducted establishments, never to let these behind a single day. I begin now to think there is a great beauty in following a regular system, it leaves the mind so free and unencumbered when every thing is over, and enables us to spend the hours of relaxation in a cheerful and profitable manner.

“But my letter, I perceive, is growing lengthy, so I must now take my leave of you, but not without requesting you to favour me with a long letter next, and don't think anything trifling to mention that you think will interest me.

“I am, my dear Father,

“Your affectionate Son,

“G—— L——”

Perhaps a better division of the branches taught might have been that at first recommended by the late Mr. Anderson, parish schoolmaster of St. Cyrus, which was the plan adopted at the outset, and followed for a few years at first



with much success—viz., Writing, Arithmetic, &c., in the Upper School, and Reading, Grammar, &c., in the Lower ; but after Mr. Dickson's retirement it was thought advisable, for various reasons, to make the one independent of the other. The present teachers, Messrs Marr and Ross, are very efficient, and have large classes. The above arrangement, it is likely, would have received the late Mr. Dorward's sanction, if it had been proposed at the time when the Trades transferred the management to his Trustees. The master of the Upper School has £30 a-year salary, and Mr. Ross £20. Mr. Marr, having pupil teaching, has besides a Government salary.

The scholar who has risen to most distinction from the Trades' School, is James Scott Robertson, Esq., now purveyor-in-chief at the Horse Guards, whom Lord Panmure, when Secretary for War, sent out to the Crimea, in the same capacity, to put things to rights there, which he speedily accomplished, and of whom the celebrated French cook, Soyer, said, that he was the right man in the right place.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Approach to the Town from the South.*

**I**N approaching Montrose from the south, the road passes through the lands of W. M. Macdonald, Esq., of Rossie and St. Martin's, &c., on the left of which road, about a mile from the town, is a number of very neat cottages, with beautiful gardens around them, edged along their whole extent by a fine hedge, the side of the brae on which they are situate, partially adorned with trees, sloping down to the Basin—a large circular sheet of water supplied by the tide, and extending seven miles in circuit. These cottages, whether as seen from the higher grounds above them, or going close past them, present a very gay and beautiful appearance in the flowery season, smiling in fair Eden's bloom—particularly the one nearest the town, possessed by Mrs. Fell; opposite to which, at the foot of the brae leading up to Rossie Garden and the Castle, may be seen, a cottage, which, for beauty and artistic gardening, may vie with any in Scotland. This cottage, occupied by Mr. Robert Soutar, has two apple trees, with branches spread over the roof, bearing a plentiful crop, some of which, called "Glamis Tower," weigh above a pound weight. The castle is a noble building, with battlemented towers, built by the father of the last proprietor, Horatio Ross, Esq., at a cost of £30,000, being the same price that the land cost him—that is £60,000 for both, and the same were sold to the present proprietor for £125,000, besides the rent of the land for a,

year. The estate was purchased by Mr. Ross from Mr. Scott of Rossie and Dunninald, with the right of redemption, but the enormous expense of the castle put it out of Mr. Scott's power to buy it back. This redemption clause is a wise and merciful provision, for who does not like to hear of an old established family regaining their paternal inheritance, and being restored to their ancestral honours? It is this that throws such a charm around the story of "Ten Thousand a Year," so well told in *Blackwood's Magazine*, when Mr. Aubrey recovered his estate by means of the patient study of the law. Over the entrance door of the castle, cut out in the stone, are the words, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Mr. Macdonald built a school-house in Ferryden many years ago, and gave the teacher a salary. It is now successfully taught by my friend Mr. Hampton, who also manages to teach the Castle Street School in the winter evenings.

Having got to the foot of Rossie-brae, towards Montrose, the road passes along a small bridge, crossing an outlet from the basin, through which small vessels had wont to pass to Old Montrose with lime and coals. At the north end of this bridge begins Inchbrayock, over which the road is continued till it reaches the magnificent suspension bridge over the Southesk, designed by Captain Samuel Brown of the Royal Navy. It was founded on 10th September, 1828, (George Paton, Esq., provost) and finished in December, 1829, at a cost of about £20,000. The distance between the points of suspension is 432 feet. The wooden bridge, which was removed to make way for the present, was a very fragile structure, requiring constant repairs. It stood, however, for 30 years, having been designed and executed by Alexander Stevens & Son, architects, begun in 1794 and finished in 1796, and extending 700 feet. Mr. William Petrie, New Wynd, was the first who rode along it on horseback, as he

was also the first, 30 years afterwards, to ride on the suspension bridge. Dr. Gibson followed after, and they were cheered. Before this date, there was only a ferry over to Ferryden, when Urquhart Craig, Jamie Anderson, and Jamie Hutcheon, were the men who rowed the ferry-boats; and it must have been an unwelcome sight to them, for it laid them idle, so they marched along the bridge, with each an oar over his shoulder, and a bit of crape upon it, by way of dead march. Jamie A. had the charge of the mussel beds at Ferryden, and he drank an unmentionable quantity of whisky before breakfast, not by glasses at a time, for he put the gill-stoup to his mouth at once, and drank it off like water. Mr. Mollison met him about this time, and said he was sorry he was like to lose his bread, "Oh," said he "I do not so much lament the loss of the bread as of the whisky." Goods at that time, of course, were boated across, and the two carters on this side were James Crow (Gordon Crow's grandfather), and William Drummond. Once a sugar hogs-head, put on at the end of the cart, slung up the cart and hanged the horse.

The chain bridge has on several occasions suffered some rude shocks. The first, on March 19, 1830, was by its having been overcrowded by people witnessing a boat-race, when they rushed to the east side as the boats passed through, and the upper chain gave way, from some imperfection about one of the saddles on the top of the north tower, and fell, resting on the lower chain. Several persons were caught between the chains, and killed on the spot; but fortunately the under chain proved sufficient to support the additional weight, otherwise the whole party would have been thrown into the water. Each chain was afterwards strengthened by two additional bars. The second accident happened in October, 1838, when a fearful gale tore up and destroyed about two-thirds of it, which were thrown into the river;

but the main chains were uninjured, and the roadway was re-constructed on an entirely new and substantial plan, by Mr J. M. Rendal, C.E., at an expense of upwards of £3000. Mr Joseph Millar was the contractor, Mr David Fettis, who succeeded him, being his foreman. Several years ago, the schooner *Phoenix*, coal-laden, drove up against the bridge, when her masts went by the board, like slender reeds. Several other accidents of a similar nature have of late occurred.

Having crossed by the bridge, the first street is Bridge Street, a very healthy and airy street. Close to the bridge are the Public Baths, near which was an ice-house still remaining; further on, the Royal Infirmary and Dispensary, built in 1837, in consequence of two of the doctors in the town, Drs Mason and Gibson, dying in the black fever, which was raging at the time. The Infirmary is attended by Dr. Johnston, a most skilful operator, and by Dr. Lawrence, who, one or other of them, and frequently both, visit it daily. It has got large additions made to it this year, and will now be capable of containing 70 or 80 patients. The next large house on the same side is the property of David Sutherland, Esq., ship-owner and fish-curer. This house is worthy of being noticed, on account of the freshness and durability of the stone, which looks as well as the day on which it was built—perhaps 40 years ago, by Mr Martin Brydon of the schooner "*Active*" of Montrose, long a regular London trader. They came from one of the Brechin quarries. Next again, is a house built by a pebble-cutter, on the walls of which pebbles were stuck; after which, is a house with an iron railing in front, called "*Chandler's Kirk*," after an eccentric clergyman of that name for whom it was built. His son, who was coming out to the ministry, was long a teacher in Aberdeen, and one of the best writing masters there. After this house, the street is well filled up till you come to Dr. Paterson's house, built by Mrs. Bennet in 1810

or 1811 ; on the opposite side to which is a plain substantial house, built by the late Collector Paton, who was also sometime provost of Montrose. It now belongs to Robert Smart, Esq. of Cononsyth. The large and massive building next to Dr. Paterson's was built by James Leighton, Esq., town-clerk, and is now the property of Edward Smith, the young laird of Cairnbank—his father, the late Dr. Smith, R.N., having died last year (1865). Passing on to the turn of the road, we come to what may be considered the greatest improvement made upon this street, in the time of Provost Sim, viz., the wall with railing enclosing a narrow strip of ground, with beautiful birch and laburnum trees, waving in the summer breeze, and adorning the scene,—formerly this was a rough unseemly brae. At the head of this street, before you turn to the left, stood the old cistern for supplying the town with water, to which the lasses used to resort with their pails and pitchers.

## LAMENT OF THE MONTROSE WOODEN BRIG.

*From the Montrose Review of 21st November, 1828.*

The circling year in silence brings  
 A mighty change in many things;  
 The finest flowers are fairly blown—  
 The birds are feathered full and flown—  
 The fragrant birks, wi drooping head,  
 In dwinin' nature quickly fade;  
 And time draws on the fatal day,  
 When men an' mice maun a' decay.  
 And I, a brig, wi age sair worn,  
 And now forsaken and forlorn;  
 For they who once did mickle prize me  
 In haughty mood do now despise me;  
 They say I'm but a rotten clotch,  
 Unfit to carry cart or coach;  
 They scoff, they sneer, they jibe and  
 spurn me,  
 And vow ere lang that they will burn  
 me;

Oh sirs, what sudden alteration  
 Takes place in every form and fashion!  
 Some thirty years have barely past  
 Since I across the Esk was cast:  
 And at that date I was a wonder;—  
 A brig admired by mony a hunder;  
 Folks came frae ilka airth to see me,  
 And did the highest honours gie me.  
 Nane wad hae thought thae days I trow  
 How I am disrespeckit now!  
 So strong was I that I could carry  
 Full fifty tons across the ferry;  
 When angry Neptune swell'd the main,  
 He rag'd and storm'd, but storm'd in  
 vain;

My manly legs, supporters brave,  
 Repulsed each rising, bolsterous wave.  
 I like a veteran, firmly stood  
 Against the rage o' wind an' flood;  
 The dreadfu' blast o' wind and weather  
 Could neither gar me shak nor swither,  
 Had my successor only been  
 A brig composed o' lime an' steen,  
 I should hae gladly left my station,  
 And wished him joy o' his succession;  
 But thou, a silly, simple coof,  
 Suspended, hingin' frae the roof,  
 Mair supple than a frosty tangle,  
 That we see frae the house-top dangle.  
 Ye frantic bodies o' Montrose,

Ye're fain about him, I suppose;  
 But, by my saul, ye needna brag—  
 He'll prove, I'm feared, a Willie Wag.  
 Conceitit gowk, ill may he thrive,  
 Who did the scheme at first contrive,  
 And made forsooth, in his ain notion,  
 A mock o' a' the brig creation.  
 Thir thirty years, an' something mair,  
 I've been furfoghan late an' ear—  
 On market days, and ither too,  
 I trow, I've had my ain ado;  
 And aye on Sunday's afternoon,  
 The tradesmen dance my back aboon:  
 Large crowds o' each denomination,  
 Who gang to seek their soul's salvation,  
 In wa'kin out for recreation!  
 The ladies' feet but little vex,  
 For I am partial to the sex.  
 But I shall say no more about it—  
 The thing already is disputit;  
 For mortal men have now decreed  
 That I frae trouble should be freed—  
 Nae mair to groan beneath the load  
 O' heavy carts and horse wheel shod,  
 Who daily tramp and crush my banes,  
 Drivin' lime an' lumps o' stanes,  
 To raise a gallows-tower to hing  
 Willie Wag, poor simple thing,  
 Whose banes for ages yet will clatter,  
 Hung up in chains across the water!  
 And I will soon be dead an' rotten,  
 And a' my services forgotten,  
 Unless some poet should tak' a notion,  
 Mair for fun than true devotion,  
 To be the only true recorder,  
 That I was ance a brig in order,  
 An, gie some sketch in doggrel rhyme,  
 How matters went throughout my  
 time—  
 How Turkish swords on Russian heads,  
 Were then performing wondrous deeds;  
 How Portugal in usurpation,  
 Was at that time a headless nation,  
 Without a king or legislation;  
 How Catholic blades, to near a million,  
 Were threatnin' a dire rebellion;  
 And Britain in a staggerin' state,  
 Began to dread her future fate.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## Montrose as a Town.

**T**HE dwelling-houses of Montrose are much older in the southern part of the town, adjoining the harbour, than in the northern portion, beyond the New Wynd. The present spacious High Street owes its width to the removal of a street in 1748 that ran up its centre, from the Town-Hall to the North Port, and at that time the proprietors of the houses forming the east and west sides of the present High Street were allowed to bring their houses 14 feet nearer the street. The following merry ballad was written on the pulling down of the middle row of houses.

Auld Willy Grubb gied round the town,  
And rang his merry bell ;  
And cried, " Ilk man and mither's son  
Take heed to what I tell."

" Come a' ye masons, wi' your pikes,  
Your hammers and your shoofs ;  
And a' ye wrights, wi' files and saws,  
And sic mischievous tools.

" Let Maidie Pert, wha keeps the change,  
Upon her lot bethink,  
And toom her house o' whisky stoups,  
And eke o' a' the drink.

" And Tam, that keeps the barber's shop,  
It's time that he were ready  
To carry off his curling wigs  
And his fine tucky lady.

" Let wabsters bear awa' their looms,  
And grocers take their guida,  
And them that deals in bravity  
Remove their silken duds.



" For I proclaim the Rotten Raw,  
I' the middle of the town,  
Is ordered by the magistrates  
This day to be ca'd down."

Sae Willy spake, and ilka wight  
Cam' rinnin' forth to see ;  
I trow it was a merrier day  
Than ever yet may be.

Wi' pike and shool, wi' axe and saw,  
Wi' swinging rope and hammer,  
The wrights and masons struck the Raw,  
Until the jeasts did stammer.

The roofs were made o' auld stob thack,  
The wa's o' plastered fir ;  
So down they came, wi' mony a whack,  
That ruddied wi' the virr.

The tenants a' stood round about,  
To keep their guid's frae skaith ;  
Though Jamie Spence, the merchant man,  
Lost mony a wob o' claith.

The loons did gather up the strae,  
Ilk broken door and rafter,  
Though at their heels Rob Davison,  
The town's-keeper, ran after.

And they kindled at the Market Cross  
The rubbish in a blaze,  
And round the fire they danced and sang,  
And roared wi' blythe hurras.

A greater mob was never seen  
Upon a Rood-fair-day ;  
Nor was there mair o' fun and sport,  
O' daffin' noise and play.

Nor when the stalwart Earl o' Marr  
Rode to the Sherra Muir ;  
Sic bonfires on the Murray Street  
Were never seen before.

And never on the King's birth-day  
Was witnessed sic a sight,  
For round the fires they danced a' day,  
And whisky drank a' night,

A house at the top of Bridge Street, belonging to Mrs Erskine, has the date of 1688 over a window. In this house, low down, the members of the Scottish Episcopal Church had wont to hold their meetings. Only a small number were allowed by law at that time to meet in one room, but it was so planned that the rooms all opened into one another, and all that came could divide themselves among the several apartments, so that no more than the legal number were in one, and, at the same time, all could hear. A Mr. Brown was then their minister, whose son became the greatest botanist in Europe. After this restriction was removed they met in a hall in the *Review* Office Close, and had for their minister the Rev. Patrick Cushnie, who is still alive, and so regular in his walks to the country for two or three hours, sometimes every day, when the weather permits, that you would scarcely ever fail to meet him, either going or returning, between twelve and three.

Another old house, opposite St. Paul's Church, has a Latin inscription over one of its windows, *Dominus providebit*. A third house, between Craigo Street and the Shore Wynd, has the date 1682, and initials A. S. L. W., on a stone over one of its windows. An oak lintel, with I 16 T 77 P, was taken out of an old house in the same property, pulled down last year, 1864. Another, very much older to appearance, at least more than twice as old, with a roof and joists of oak, was pulled down at the same time; its walls were three feet thick, and the doors and windows and other openings all arched with semicircular arches of freestone.

The Pretender, "Prince Charlie," made his escape from a house where the Earl of Mar was lodged, on the east side of Castle Street—it is the second house from Luckie's Wynd, now Lower Craigo Street—he went down the close at the back of the house, and aboard of a boat in the river to a vessel in the bay.

Bailie Scott, who gave me the information about these houses, was acquainted with two old ladies, Magdalene and Elizabeth Stuart, who often boasted of having, when girls, danced with Prince Charlie when in Montrose. Their father was Captain of a vessel, and made twenty-one voyages to Virginia—there was a Company called the Virginia Company which carried on the slave trade at this port—and their mother got a present of a golden guinea each voyage from the owners. A jolly old man, John Halket, by trade a mason, when a boy, along with other two boys, drank "Charlie's" health from a pool of water with a mussel shell, for which they were whipped at every well in the town, and their parents had to hold them while lashed; this was done by order of the Duke of Cumberland. John Halket was of the same age as George III., and bore a striking resemblance to the likeness of the King on the coins of the realm. Gemlo was the other boy's name, and the name of the third was no less than that of Mr. Coutts, the eminent London banker, who left two millions of money. Mr. Coutts was so affronted that he would never visit the town again, nor do anything for it. John Halket did come back, and lived to above 100. Gemlo, also, did not forsake the town.

The street, or row of houses above referred to, one house of which, adjoining the Town-Hall, still remains, terminated about where Sir R. Peel's monument now stands. The Jail stood there; the Council House was on its north end, with the Montrose Coat of Arms cut on its north gable, from which a stranger, a sculptor, copied the same, to be seen on the top of the west side of the Town-Hall. A private house, lately removed, belonging to the late Miss Hill, was on the south end of the Jail, at the termination of the street. The New Jail was erected in 1832, and shortly afterwards the old one was removed. A breach was made in the side of it by a prisoner, who made his escape, more than 50 years ago. Mr.

Bayne had his dancing-school there regularly for many years, after which Mr. William Beattie had it for a writing-school, when he first came to the town. The Misses Dougal were Mr. Bayne's best dancers in those days. I think Miss Eliza was the very best. A dancing-school ball was at that time, we thought, the grandest display in the world—the ladies all in white dresses, bespangled and glittering with beads.

After 1748, when the old street was taken down, it was proposed to extend the High Street in a straight line to the river. This noble idea was unfortunately opposed, to the great detriment of the town. The street on the west side of the middle row was called Murray Street, that on the east, High Street. The site of Montrose is on an immense mound of water-worn boulders, mixed with sand, forming a natural dam-dyke, extending from the Inch Bridge, across the Island of Inchbrayock, then from the south end of Bridge Street, along Castle Street, the east side of High Street, along the Mall,\* and through the woods of Charleton to the Northesk. The kirk and steeple are placed on the highest portion of this mound; and the gradual rise of the houses from each end of the town to the centre, as seen from a distance on the north-west side of the town, has a fine effect.

Montrose has been much improved of late years, particularly since the Aberdeen, now the Scottish North Eastern, Railway began, and the Bervie line will also add much to the trade of the port. The contractors, belonging to the town, have all got well on, every one of whom has made large additions to its streets and buildings. In the first place, the late Mr. Armit built a row of excellent houses in Ferry Street, called Armit's Buildings. He also made out a ship-building yard where the Whale Fishing Company's boil-houses used to be, long used by Duthie and Cochar, and now by R. Millar

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\* Mall, a natural mole, supposed to have been washed up by the sea, may be derived from Moles; some towns in the Continent have Moles raised above flood-mark.

& Son, for a wood-yard. Some few years afterwards, Mr. David Mitchell, contractor, erected a large block of elegant buildings south from the steeple, where the old Post Office was formerly, and Mr. Trail's house, and Mr. Mudie's, a very retired gloomy house, more like a convent than anything else. Then Mr. Charles Brand has recently built some fine houses beside the Clydesdale Bank, as well as others near his own work. Mr. Scott has also improved the appearance of Craigro Street by building a new house there, in which he resides, as well as others in Castle Street, where a dismal old dungeon protruded into the street; and it is to be hoped that all the old saut buckets in Castle Street will give place to more substantial buildings, and better arranged; and this will take place when the condition of the people becomes more elevated by the appliances brought to bear upon them. They say a church improves the very locality in its neighbourhood, both as to buildings and the habits of the people. A good many years ago the Messrs Japp erected these very genteel houses in Panmure Terrace, as well as the first row in Union Place, the other to the north of it having been built by the late Bailie Smith sometime afterwards. The Bailie also built those very genteel houses on the south side of Union Street, as well as the large house opposite to them, in which he resided himself for many years.

The Town-Hall was built in 1763, and had another storey put upon it in 1819, of which John Balfour was builder, besides that addition made to the back, above the dumb over-arched spaces where the letters are put in, and the stair to the reading-room and library goes up. The Court-Room was the largest room in the first building, now there is one as large above it, where the Town Council meet, and where is hung a large full-length portrait of Sir James Duke, in his robes of office as Lord Mayor of London, and presented by himself, being a native of the town; also a portrait of Provost

Charles Barclay, a very popular provost in his time, and a man of a kind and genial disposition; and one of Provost Burnes, the best public speaker that Montrose ever produced in his line, and to whom the town is much indebted; another of Joseph Hume, the champion of reform and retrenchment. There is also a Reading-room, a Library with 13,000 volumes, a chamber used on the day of election of Councillors, and a most elegant and handsome Guild-Hall.

Without being too particular in noticing the new buildings by which the town has been adorned, it may be mentioned that the High Street has been much improved of late years by the erection of several new houses, built by some of the banks. The one belonging to the British Linen Company many years ago was thought to be the finest in the town at the time. The Bank of Scotland has a large and commodious house at the corner of John Street, fronting that street and High Street. The Royal Bank of Scotland built a beautiful house in 1864, and the National Bank another, which was finished last year, of a very unique and genteel appearance, especially when the sun casts its rays on the green Venetian blinds; and it is said the Northern Bank is about to erect another on the west side of the High Street, which it is to be presumed will not be behind any of the others in architectural beauty, and most likely will be built of granite. These superb banking houses, without anything else, show the truth of what is advanced in the chapter about banks, that these promote industry, activity, and skill as regards the architects, the builders, and tradesmen employed about them. One other house, the property of Mr. John Reid, druggist, the building of which has just been finished, is a perfect model in its way, as it has nothing heavy about it, and yet lofty and substantial. The shops below are of a new and improved construction, besides being large and spacious, and having in connection with them rooms and places behind adapted for carrying

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on a large and extensive trade. The metal pillars below are a great improvement, and give the shop windows a large frontage, and a light and elegant appearance to the whole. Another shop on the west side has also got metal pillars. It were much to be desired that other proprietors would follow such an example, and remove those ugly old houses, which are a disgrace to modern civilization, and place in their stead nice and airy buildings, which would bring them in more rent, especially as there is such a demand just now for house accommodation. In taking down the gable-end of the old house where it joined to Mr. Young, saddler's, the stones fell down upon one of the contractors, Mr. David Balfour, and killed him on the spot. A stranger, returning to Montrose after a long absence, would be apt to say—

“This is no my ain town, I ken by the biggin' ot.”

The town being now brilliantly illuminated with gas, the shops in the High Street at night present the appearance of one extensive bazaar.

## CHAPTER IX.

## Banks, &amp;c.

**B**ANKS promote industry, activity, and skill ; in fact, in a commercial country like this they are a necessity : the millionaire must have his bank, because he cannot command his funds at all times if they are invested in landed or other securities.

None are, or ought to be more sharp-sighted than bankers, and it is their interest to encourage industry. The Bank of Scotland had the first agency in Montrose, about 100 years ago, under John Brand, who afterwards was agent for the Dundee Union ; but first of all he was a bill collector, and ended by being laird of Laurieston, an estate now worth £70,000. His was a prosperous career, for he had very little opposition for a long time. After the Bank of Scotland came the British Linen Company, whose agent was Provost Christie, and the safe is still in existence in Mr. Marshall's shop. This Company, as its name implies, was at first started to promote the linen trade in Scotland, and was established by Royal Charter in 1746, after the suppression of the rebellion, and had its rise in Edinburgh, having for subscribers the most eminent men in that city and country around, who were actuated by the most patriotic motives. It began with a capital of £150,000, which has now reached a million, and yields £11 per cent. interest. One of its chief objects, says Mr. Warden in his excellent work on the linen trade, was to supply the British merchants, trading to Africa and the



British Plantations, with such kinds of linen cloth as they had previously been purchasing from foreign nations. But this was not their only aim ; they also intended to prosecute the trade in its several departments. They assisted manufacturers, both by buying their cloth and advancing money, till at last they found it better to let the trade be free, and to set up a banking establishment, which enabled them to carry out their original intention in a more extensive manner. So much for banks promoting industry ; activity and skill follow. The house in Montrose occupied by the bank was built in 1815, in the place where stood a small shop for the sale of tobacco and snuff, the roof of which you might almost have reached with your hand. Many of the present inhabitants will call to mind the building of the bank ; the foundation was of pure sand, and piles of wood had to be driven in to strengthen it. Dr. Bate was standing by when the rotten snuffy wood of the old house was taken down, and he made the remark, in solemn and impressive language, that our bones would moulder in the grave in the same manner.

Even the smallest trader, if he wishes to extend his business, ought to cultivate the good opinion of a bank, and obtain a cash credit. At first setting out in business, let him trade upon his own capital, as far as it will go, paying and receiving cash, which will help him to form the best connections, and when once it is known that he can pay ready money, the best bargains will be offered without solicitation. In a short time he draws the attention of his neighbours and the eyes of the banker. Let him now secure a bank credit, and extend his business by supplying those who pay quarterly or half-yearly, but whom he would lose if he presented his accounts sooner. The common error is, with those who have no bank credit, not to keep their goods ; for many wish to make an appearance as if they were doing more business than their neighbours, whether safely or not—in fact, they must push trade to keep

moving, if there be but the shadow of getting the money sometime. Many more failures take place in this way than with those who study to keep up their credit with a bank. The one party gets reckless, and is in a sea of troubles and often in deep water, while the other exercises more caution and possesses more equanimity, feeling persuaded that it is better to do a little well, than to hurry heedlessly on and endanger his credit. Take as an instance what used to be the custom in Sunderland. No grocer there needed to expect pitmen and carpenters to be customers without letting them fall back a fortnight's goods, and then after that you might expect them to pay regularly till some reverse came over them. One tradesman, more worldly-wise than his neighbours, and a better counter than his customer, would sometimes smuggle in a shilling of the old with the new, and so get out. A strike among the carpenters took place in 1824 or 5, when they forcibly took out of ships going to sea those who had not joined the union, till things came to such a height that the military had to be sent for to Newcastle to quell the riot. Many innocent persons were shot dead when the crowd would not disperse after the riot act was read. The writer was out at tea that afternoon in one of the retired streets of the town, and coming home by the High Street, it was like a Sabbath after the military had fired. The small shopkeepers, I suppose, had never got above that strike—many of them at least. Now, if the stupid bodies had dealt on the ready money system, had accounts with a bank, they would have introduced a better state of things, and learned the pitmen to practise more economy ; for they live upon the fat of the land, and families with three pounds coming in to them in the week would have got their clothing by joining a menage, to which they paid 1s. in the week. It is better to take an example from a distance than to come nearer home.

In the panic of 1825 there was a great run upon the banks,

but the local bank, Jonathan Backhouse & Co., stood it out manfully. This is a Quaker bank, and it is astonishing what stay and support adherence to the principle that guides them in money matters gave them. It is a rule among the Friends to uphold one another in trade. Well, there was a grocer there, of the name of Caleb Wilson, who readily took all their notes in the way of business ; and, you may be sure, had a pretty good run. This inspired trust, and the principal merchants signed a letter of confidence in the bank, and by this means they were able to tide it over. There were many local banks in England at that time, and since then, as the Birmingham Bank, which went down with a crash lately. But the chartered banks in Scotland are on a different footing altogether, holding, as they are obliged to do, Government Stock. They may be compared to the sturdy oak, the monarch of the wood, having their roots (the shareholders) widely spread, and striking deep into the soil, as may be seen in the long lists of shareholders, of every class and degree, throughout the country. This gives them strength and additional security, and brings them trade, since so many are interested in their prosperity ; and it is nothing against the oak that it spreads its umbrageous branches around on every side, this only makes its roots take firmer hold of the soil, as it is said of trees that their branches correspond in number to their roots. It was wise, therefore, in Sir R. Peel not to grant licenses to new banks, but to let the old and firmly-established extend themselves, as they have since done in every town in Scotland, and in some villages. It was, to me at least, astonishing what knowledge Sir R. Peel displayed in conducting the last currency bill ; but in reading the account of the life of the late Mr M'Culloch, author of the Commercial Dictionary, I see that he must have been indebted to him a good deal, and Sir Robert was one who always prepared his lessons well at school and college. He settled an annuity of £300 upon

Mr. M'Culloch. We have no less than eight branch banks in Montrose now, viz. :—the Bank of Scotland, first established, although it withdrew its branch from Montrose some years, Charles Burness, Esq., agent ; the British Linen Co., John Walker, Esq., agent ; the National, George C. Chalmers, Esq., agent ; the Royal, Messrs Thomson & Savege, agents ; the North of Scotland, Messrs Lindsay & Walker, agents ; the Union Bank of Scotland, Messrs Findlay & Greig, agents ; the Clydesdale, George C. Myers, Esq., agent ; and the Aberdeen Town and County Bank, last established, of which Alex. Mackie, Esq., is agent. There was once a local bank, called the Montrose Bank, which ended in failure, and almost ruined the shareholders.

## CHAPTER X.

## Linen Trade.

**T**HIS trade, from small beginnings, has arrived at great maturity and extent in Montrose. It may now be accounted its staple trade. According to Pennant, in 1745, there was not a single manufacturer in Montrose—in the sense, I suppose, that we now understand the term as an employer of labour to any great extent; for it is not to be doubted, that the wives long before that, had their spinning wheels, and sang such ballads as the following:—

“There was a lass, they ca’d her Meg,  
And she gaed o’er the muir to spin;  
There was a lad that followed her,  
They ca’d him Duncan Davison.”

On a fine evening, it was a customary thing for the wives to bring out their wheels to the door and spin together, and sing till dark; and they were much better employed in that way than many of them are now. Fifty years ago, the best ladies in the town would have had their wheels whirring in the parlour, and would have accounted it no discreditable thing, and it looked so industrious like, and they would have laid by with such satisfaction to their four hours. Her Majesty, it appears, is to set the example again, having ordered a spinning-wheel to Windsor, and another to Balmoral. There is nothing better for driving away ennui than some useful employment of this kind. And if even by hand-spinning and by machinery, cotton were beat out of the

market, it would be a saving, for linen is much more durable than cotton, and better for the health to wear. Formerly there was not a draper's shop but pieces of Irish linen were to be seen in the windows, but now there is not much of it sold.

In 1776, thirty-one years after the last date, "Montrose," says Pennant, "increased one-third—manufactures having risen to a great pitch; for example, that of sail-cloth, sail-duck, as it is here called, is very considerable. In one house, 82,566 pieces have been made since 1755. Each piece is 38 yards long, numbered from 8 to 1. No. 8 weighs 24 lb., and every piece, down to No. 1, gains 3 lb. in the piece. The thread for this cloth is spun here, not by the common wheel, but by the hands. Women are employed, who have the flax placed round their waist, and twist a thread with each hand, as they recede from a wheel turned by a boy at the end of a great room. Coarse cloth for linen for the soldiery is also made here; besides this, coarse linens, which are sent to London or Manchester to be printed; and cottons for the same purpose are printed at Perth. Great quantities of fine linen, lawns and cambric, are manufactured in this town, the best from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a yard. Diapers and Osnaburgs make up the sum of the weavers' employ, which are exported to London, and thence to the West Indies. Much thread is brought here by the rural spinners to be cleaned and made into parcels, and much of it is coloured here. The bleaching is very considerable, and is the property of the town. It is not only used by the manufacturers, but by private families, for the drying of their linen. The men pride themselves on the beauty of their linen, both wearing and household; and with great reason, as it is the effect of the skill and industry of their spouses, who fully emulate the character of the goodwife so admirably described by the wisest of men."

“In the years 1805 to 1807, the quantity of linen stamped averaged 198,375 yards yearly; the fees which the stamp-master drew from the same being £20 13s. 3d. For the three years, from 1816 to 1818, the quantity had increased to an average of 465,369 yards yearly, and the fees to £68 9s. 6d. When the stamp-master found any of the cuts short of threads, these were taken, and burned at the cross once a month. Montrose was not long in following Dundee in spinning by machinery; and in 1805, what went by the name of Ford’s Mill, was erected. The celebrated George Stephenson was about a twelve month in Montrose, superintending the erection. At that time, the women workers were called mill lags; and a dirty tribe they were, for they came out from their work, all covered with mill-dust and pob from top to bottom—not at all as they are now, neat and clean and well put on. On 11th July, 1817, Ford’s flax spinning-mill, of four stories and attics, with two engines of 12 and 25, together 37 horse-power, was advertised for sale. It contained 38 spinning-frames for flax, and 22 for tow, of 30 spindles each, or 120 in all, making a total of 1620 spindles. In 1834, there were four large works in the town moved by steam, and one in the parish, on the Northesk, driven by water. There were also other two mills on the same river, in the neighbouring parish of Logie, both driven by water, and belonging to Montrose firms. The steam-power of the mills in Montrose was equal to 129 horses, producing annually 854,869 spindles, and the two in Logie, 302,224 spindles. Part of the yarn was manufactured in the town and district, and part sold to manufacturers in other towns, or shipped to foreign countries. That year, the linen woven in the town and neighbourhood consisted of 4200 pieces bleached sheeting, 21,443 bleached dowlas, 2,225 brown sheeting, 7,106 bleached duck, 2,253 bleached canvas, 2,716 brown canvas, 191

navy canvas, 1,690 hessian, 104 tarpauling, 2,057 hop bagging, 32 sacking, 2,635 Osnaburg, and 241 of sundries ; making in all 46,993 pieces. The importation of flax into Montrose same year was 2,496 tons, and 44 tons of hemp.

“Since the period referred to, the trade of the town has gone on steadily ; and the fluctuations and vicissitudes of other towns have been less felt here—chiefly owing to the firms engaged in the business, not having extended their establishments beyond the wants of the trade, nor beyond their ability to maintain the control over them, and to buy and sell, when and where they can do it, to most advantage. At the present time, there are four firms engaged in flax-spinning in Montrose. The motive power is steam, of the aggregate of 305 horse-power ; and the mills contain 27,500 spindles, and give employment to 1,855 people. In 1851, the number of firms engaged in the trade was the same, and the power differed little from what it now is. One of the firms (Richards and Co.), have now also a steam-engine of 26 horse-power, driving 122 power-looms, with all the necessary preparing and finishing machinery for their extensive production—240 hands being employed in this department. The quantity of flax, tow, &c., now consumed annually, is close on 5000 tons ; and the wages paid to those engaged in the linen manufacture in the town, amounts to about £50,000 yearly. There are a good many hand-loom weavers in the town and district around ; and the fabrics chiefly woven by them, and in the power-looms, are ducks, sheetings, dowlas, hessians, canvas, and floor-cloth, quality being remarkably good, and the bleach and finish of some of the fabrics of a high order. Mr James Mudie employs about 130 to 140 hands in making floor-cloth in all widths, up to 8 yards, and broad sheetings. He has now erected a power-loom factory. The yarn spun in Montrose has long had a high reputation, both for superiority of material and excellence



of spin. Messrs Aberdein & Co. spin from 8 to 70 lea, and Messrs Paton have spun as high as 30 lea dry tow, and 50 lea dry flax. Part of the yarn spun, and not manufactured by the spinners, is sold to manufacturers throughout the country, and part of it is exported to Germany, Spain, and other countries. The firms in the trade are of long standing and high respectability.

"The 'district trade' is in a very prosperous condition. Messrs Aberdein have made a large addition to their factory, which will employ 500 hands more. Spinners and manufacturers are getting a satisfactory return for their capital and labour. Operatives have steady employment and good wages. Provisions are abundant and cheap. All classes are satisfied, and happy contentment reigns."\* Richards and Co. have just got up a new engine, by Mr Carmichael, on the newest and most improved principle.

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\* Warden on the Linen Trade. This refers to the year 1864.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Ship-Building, Shipping Trade, Wood Trade, and Cabinet-Making.

#### SHIP-BUILDING.

**L**ITTLE can be said of this trade till towards the latter end of last century, when it was mainly carried on by one Thomas Findlay, who had his yard near the west quay, which was then the sea-beach. He built the brig "Aurora." Now, it is actively carried on by several firms, the principal of which is that of the Birnies, who for four generations have been in that trade, and from their long standing have gained an extensive influence. Mr. Charles Birnie has also for many years been an extensive wood-merchant, and now employs upwards of 100 men and boys. The firm of Messrs James & David Birnie, who succeeded their uncles, also carry on an extensive business, and are soon to lay a keel for a vessel of about 1000 tons. Mr. Joseph Birnie carries on with much success his father's business, and has just launched (July 1, 1865) the largest vessel ever built in Montrose, of 700 tons. He employs about 50 men and boys, and is at present building a large vessel of 850 tons. They have now erected large sheds, in which their men can work in all weathers, and so lose no time. Mr. James Strachan and Mr. James Petrie, who were originally in a company together, started by journeymen when trade was slack and employment scarce, have also got into notice as shipbuilders. They have now each an establishment of their own, and employ about

30 men and boys. Duthie & Cochar offered at one time to get on well, having begun in a large yard, made out of what was once the Greenland Whale-Fishing Company's boil-yard ; but Mr. Duthie went back to Aberdeen, where he is doing a large trade, and Mr. Cochar has retired from the business, and turned farmer.

Boat-building has for many years been actively carried on by the Messrs J. & W. Waddell, at the Bridge-end. They build large fishing-boats, for the deep sea fishing and the herring trade, and have customers far and near. They are also block-makers, and employ about 20 men. Mr. William Waddell has just retired with a fortune. Mr. Burns also carries on the trade of boat-building on the river side, and employs a number of men. He is now building a splendid cutter for the Forfarshire Militia Staff.

There are three trades in Montrose, which have descended from father to son to the third or fourth generation, viz.—The shipbuilding-trade, the wood-trade, and the cabinet-making-trade. The first is carried on by the Birnies, the second by the Millars, and the third by the Japps,—not to speak of others who have not yet got that length, but who, it is to be hoped, may yet tread in their steps, and who have at present flourishing businesses. How pleasant it is to see industry, prudence, and skill thus rewarded ! Although it is agreeable to see land descend in the same manner, yet, though the laws of entail were to cease to-morrow, these three would supply their place well, and the city magnates would vie with the lordly barons in wealth and in the number of their retainers. And who would grudge them their reward, when they see that they have devised schemes to raise their workmen in the scale of society by helping them to provide comfortable homes for themselves, as is now proposed to be done by certain millowners and others, who are going to lend their aid in building suitable dwelling-houses for the working-classes

in Montrose ? It is only doing what the country gentlemen have already done, and are continuing to do, for their people. Nothing next to Christianity, as was so well set forth by the Rev. Mr. Sutherland at the Saturday evening meeting, would meliorate society more, and produce that genial glow of goodwill which ought to subsist between the employers and their workmen ; and if all who employ labour would act in this way, there would be no danger in extending the franchise, for all would be contented and happy. At the sametime, this is not meant to interfere with private enterprise, for, indeed, there is room for many more houses than we have in Montrose.

#### SHIP TRADE.

Montrose has always been considered an important place for shipping. Favoured by nature with an excellent harbour, its merchants have been enriched by the sea, thus verifying the first part of the town's motto, " Mare ditat," the sea enriches ; neither does it fail in the second part, of the adornment of the rose, for many of its citizens have been eminent florists, and obtained prizes at the flower shows. It has always had, for its population, a large quantity of merchant ships. In the end of the last century there were 33 sail of vessels bound for slave ports lying off Gibraltar. In the year 156 B. C., the mariners of Montrose were a daring set of savages, who in their prowts put to sea and robbed the Fife shore. They lived on shore in rather a primitive state ; just dug a hole and shoved in. Only think of a family or tribe lying in the ground to rest all night ! Brechin at this period was the hunting ground of the ancient Celtic marauders, who dwelt on the sea shore. Montrose, some forty years ago, had about forty sail of sloops, a fleet of Greenland whalers, and three brigs, about 80 tons register, which were the Baltic and Archangel fleet. An improvement commenced when a brig of 150 tons was brought from Shields by Captain John Young, and it was such

a wonder to see such a large ship bought for the Baltic trade, that people came from far and near to see her. The next vessel that created a sensation was built and owned by James Birnie, and commanded by his son, James. She made a Montreal voyage each year. It was the custom for this vessel for a week previous to sailing to lie off the Pier-end, and entertain the friends and dignitaries. At ten o'clock every morning she fired a gun, and, man-of-war style, let fall her fore-topsail. After this date the shipping gradually increased, till now Montrose has upwards of 20,000 tons of merchantmen; and there is no doubt that our energetic and enterprising Provost, in conjunction with our great member, Mr. W. E. Baxter, will have the influence to get the Board of Trade to give Montrose a Marine Board. This is her due when she reaches 30,000 tons, but a strong representation would give us this even now.

#### WOOD TRADE.

This trade ranks next to that of Greenock, which is the highest in Scotland. It is chiefly carried on by Messrs Robert Millar and Sons, and Charles Birnie, Esq., who together employ a very great number of men and boys in and about their wood-yards; and if the crews of their ships, in connection with this trade, be taken into account, it cannot be said that they give employment to much fewer than 1000 men between them. This trade got a great start some years ago in consequence of the wood required for our Australian Colonies; but now, besides supplying the home trade, it is exported all over, and the saw mills employed do their work very expeditiously. Deal boards for flooring, are not only sawn, but grooved and planed by machinery. The shore-dues have been vastly increased by the trade, and more dock accommodation is required for the shipping. No vessels now leave the port in ballast, if they are of the size to per-

form a London voyage, for they are loaded with deals, and bring coals back.

In the commencement of the century the shore-dues were under £300 a-year, and then rose to £400, when Bailie Smith gave £800 a-year. When his lease was out it was taken by our enterprising townsman, Mr. James Fraser, for six years, at £1500 a-year. Our present shore-master—a man of great activity, keen penetration, and indomitable energy—was appointed collector twenty-nine years ago; and the harbour-dues have so increased under his management, that at the rates exigible twenty-nine years ago would now yield upwards of £10,000 per annum. So wonderful has been the success, that there is scarcely a parallel to it in the history of this country. One must cross the sea to Australia, or the fast-rising republic of the States to find so wonderful statistics.

## CABINET-MAKING.

The Messrs Japp, as stated before, have long carried on this trade in Montrose. Many of us remember when they had only the large house at the foot of Crawford's close for a work-shop, and their dwelling-house below, and the large logs of mahogany at the door that were said to cost so much. Since then, they have had for many years an extensive range of work-shops opposite, and below them as large show-rooms, where furniture of every description may be seen, fit to cope with any produced in London—indeed, more substantial as Scotch furniture is allowed to be; and they have of late years added to their business large works, where everything of wood that can be cut or carved, is, and will yet be more, extensively done by machinery, set in motion by steam. Hard wood of considerable thickness, with curved lines for the shape marked out in chalk, is guided against an upright saw, which goes through it like paper. All sorts of handles for implements, felloes and spokes for wheels, feet and backs

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for chairs, &c., are turned out, and they send away the articles far and near, to Glasgow and such like places. Mr. John Sorrel in Bridge Street has also a large cabinet trade, and is more than any one else employed as an undertaker. His neighbour, Mr. John Smith, is also a very enterprising, industrious man, and deals largely in furniture. There are also the Messrs Maconachie, who have been long established in trade as cabinet-makers and upholsterers, who have their show-rooms at the Port.

Long before lighthouses were erected (about 170 years ago) to guide the mariner past the hidden rocks and treacherous sand-banks on our iron-bound coast, a fleet of foreign ships, called by tradition the "Cattesou Ships," were wrecked between the mouth of the Southesk and St. Cyrus, when all on board perished. One struck upon the rocks at Milton of Mathers, and another upon the Inchcape Rock. It was never known where they came from, or where they were bound to. From the variety of useful articles of all descriptions they had on board, it was supposed they were loaded with supplies for some new colony. Chests of drawers, tables, and other furniture, all made of oak; white pease, and other provisions; besides a large number of small yellow bricks, formed part of their freight. The bricks were well known in Montrose by the name of the Cattesou bricks, and numbers of them have been made use of for chimney-tops and other purposes in the old houses between the steeple and the shore. After a storm, a few of them may occasionally yet be found on the beach. The size of the brick is 6 inches long, 3 inches broad, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. They were made of very fine clay, remarkably well burned, and will last for ages, the weather having no impression on them whatever. The whole are well shaped. Various articles of the furniture were to be seen in this locality

not many years ago. An old woman, Helen Spence, who lived in a cottage in the Ride of Kinnaird, had a chest of Cattesou drawers in her house about 40 years ago. In consequence of a bad crop a great scarcity prevailed when the ships were wrecked. The corn was full of the seeds of a weed which, when ground with the corn into meal, had the effect of making those who partook of it drowsy and sleepy, and the meal of that year was called "the sleepy meal." The white pease were eagerly taken possession of by the inhabitants, and ground into meal, which was the first thing that relieved the scarcity.

A violent storm occurred about the beginning of the century, during which no fewer than 17 ships were driven ashore between the mouths of the South and Northesks. About the same time (1800), if not the same storm, a small brig, commanded by Captain John Keith, who lived on the Island, sailed from the Firth with a cargo of coals for Montrose. A violent snow-storm overtook the vessel, and the crew lost all control over her. They could not see where she was going, and gave up all for lost. Strange to say, the storm drove the brig in at the entrance of the harbour, and the crew did not know where they were until she struck upon the Scalp, off which she took some more men, who had got there before, and then drifted up and struck upon the Timber Bridge, erected a few years before. The late Mr. John Begbie, being afterwards gardener to Mr. Ross of Rossie, and Mrs Begbie and one child were passengers on board the brig at the time, on his way to enter on his new situation at Rossie. The child, afterwards Mrs John Tulloch, was handed up to some one of the crowd on the bridge, and the parents followed as fast as possible.

Another fatal storm, known as the windy Christmas, about the year 1808, caused immense loss of life on this coast, and on the whole east coast of Scotland. A great number of men belonging to Montrose were lost that day. All the fishing boats



of a village, called Stotfield, near Lossiemouth, in the Moray Frith, six in number, with all their crews, were lost ; also two boats belonging to a small village a few miles from Stotfield, with their crews, shared the same fate—not a man able to go to sea was left at either of these places, none but old men and boys remained. The inhabitants of Stotfield have never gone to sea on Christmas since. A tablet in the church-yard of Drainie records the loss. One of the men at Covesea had a dumb daughter, and when her father was going away for the last time, she accompanied him to the boat, and used every effort she could think of to prevent him from going to sea. The village of Covesea consists of only six or seven houses, and about twenty years ago they were all occupied by widows, except one, which was tenanted by a man who did not belong to the village. A number of years afterwards, and in the recollection of many yet alive, a vessel, called the Forth Packet, that traded between Aberdeen and Leith, was lost in the bay of Montrose, when all on board, about seventeen in number, were drowned.

Towards the close of the last century, a Whale-Fishing Company was established in Montrose. Three vessels were purchased, named the Eliza Swan, the Montrose, and the Dempster. The Eliza Swan was the sole property of Eliza Swan, the wife of Mr. John Brown. The vessels were fortunate for a number of years ; but the Dempster was lost, with all hands, in 1790. She was commanded by Captain David Christie. When last seen she was under a press of sail, and it was generally supposed that too much canvas had run her down. The loss of so many men was a heavy stroke to Montrose. She had a crew of picked men, and a great many widows and orphans were left destitute. The captain's widow, an English lady, afterwards took up a school, and was long famed for an excellent teacher of sewing white seam, reading, and weaving stockings. A number of people, of both sexes,

yet alive in Montrose and neighbourhood, were at Mrs Christie's school, and will recollect the locality of her place of punishment—the garret. The Montrose was afterwards lost, but the crew were saved. The Eliza Swan still continued in the trade, and in the early part of this century the company purchased another vessel, the Monarch. About the sametime another company was formed, who purchased three vessels—the London, the Spencer, and the Hero. The fishing was prosperous for a number of years; but the Hero was lost amongst the ice, the crew was saved. The Spencer was afterwards lost in the same manner. Both the companies got dispirited, and the remaining vessels were sold. The stoppage of this trade was much against Montrose, and was looked upon as a public calamity. All the inhabitants, old and young, were more or less interested in the Greenland ships, and crowded the quays and river side when they sailed and to welcome them back on their return. The Eliza Swan was taken by Commodore Rodgers of the United States' navy. She was set at liberty on the captain becoming bound to pay a ransom of £2000; the money, however, was never paid. In the last two centuries making malt was carried on to a great extent in Montrose, as a great many barns, cobles, and kilns still testify. A windmill stood on the top of Windmill Hill, where Mr. Charles Birnie's property, opposite Hill Street, is now. Besides the large mill, driven by the wind, for grinding malt, inside were some smaller ones, driven by the hand with a very long bar of iron, and a large piece of lead at the lower end, exactly like the pendulum of a clock, for the use of those who brought a peck or two, and drove the handle backwards and forwards themselves till their quantity was ground. All those alive, who were at the New Schools about 40 or 50 years ago, will remember a well and a coble near what is now Hudson Square. The well was driven in a similar manner as the hand-mills, and was well known to all the boys as the "Waggin'-wallie."

The water was pumped by the pendulum, and the well got many a visit when the boys got *out leave*. Another windmill stood nearly opposite St. Mary's Loch, the road to which, called the Mill Road, still exists,—it is between the Mall and the properties on the east side of the Mall. About the end of last century, a company was formed and a Wet Dock built in the island of Inchbrayock, with a number of other erections. It turned out a bad speculation, and was soon after given up. The large three-storey house, with a front of white stone, was built for a dock-house, on the site of a shipbuilding-yard at the north end of the Suspension Bridge. About the same period the large buildings on the west side of the bridge, partly used at present as Public Baths, were erected by parties in the salmon trade for boiling-houses. At that time the salmon were all boiled before being sent away.

## CHAPTER XII.

## Churches, &amp;c.

**M**ONTROSE is in the Presbytery of Brechin, and Synod of Angus and Mearns. The charge is collegiate-Patron of the first charge, the Crown; of the second, the Town Council, stipend of the first minister is regulated by the fiars' rates; and the last few years has been under the mark, owing to the low prices; in consequence of which the parishioners of the Old Church made the minister a handsome present. The second minister is paid from an assessment upon house-rents, which now runs at about 2½d on the pound. This assessment is raised by virtue of an Act of Parliament in 1690, authorising a maximum rate of 1s. per pound. The stipend is now fixed at £340.

The Old Church was a gothic structure, rendered very gloomy and irregular by large additions to the galleries, and to the building itself. It was originally, however, venerable and well proportioned. Having fallen into decay, the heritors, town-council, kirk-session, trades, and proprietors of seats, agreed unanimously to build another in its stead: the dimensions of which are 98 by 65 feet over walls. Many of the sittings are private property. It was much improved some years ago by a new style of the windows; and although it has rather a clumsy appearance on the out-side—so much so as to cause Dr. Guthrie to compare it to Noah's Ark—yet, when full of people, it has a very imposing and grand appearance inside; and it is to be earnestly wished, that the comparison may hold true in a figurative sense, and that all

who enter its walls may be saved from the deluge of God's anger. I daresay it was never seen so full as when Dr. Keith gave an account of his travels in the Holy Land, and Dr. Paterson himself was seen with a plate collecting in the passages for the Indian Mission. Sittings, 2500. A missionary labours throughout the whole parish ; and is supported by a society, whose committee and contributors belong to all the religious denominations in the town. Mr Kerr is the missionary at present, and there is no doubt his labours have been blessed to many. In 1834, a portion of the town district of the parish was erected into the *quoad sacra* parish of St. John's, now a Free Church, Rev. W. Nixon, minister. Deducting this territory, the population of the parish of Montrose, according to an ecclesiastical survey in 1836, consisted of 6,040 churchmen—1924 dissenters, and 984 non-descripts—in all 8,948 persons ; and the population of the *quoad sacra* parish consisted of 2,509 churchmen—1083 dissenters, and 168 non-descripts—in all 3,751 persons. The church of St. John's was built in 1829 and cost £3969. The Parish Church was built in 1791.

It was long in agitation, as appears by the columns of the *Review*, to build a Chapel of Ease for Montrose Parish ; but nothing was done until Mrs Carnegie of Charleton put her hand to the work, and the arguments she used are well set forth in the following letter by that benevolent lady :—

“FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,—I no longer address you anonymously, as I have frequently done ; but as I am about to take leave of you, from my age, and some late warnings of disease and decay, I can not expect to be long here, I speak to you in my own person. I have suggested many things to you in small printed tracts, and in the newspapers, for your good ; and having met with potent and zealous co-operation in some of them, have the satisfaction to think have done some permanent service. I wish yet to say something of the hospital, of the benefit societies, and of the saving bank, but these I shall pass over for the present, being anxious to suggest for your consideration, a *proposal*, which I shall assuredly not live to see completely

carried into execution, but which appears to me to be of essential benefit to the *future* population of this district ; and if it appears in the same light to you, is not of such magnitude but that even the *present generation* may profit by it. This is to *Build* another church in or near Montrose, to be served by another pastor of the communion of the Established Church of Scotland. I think I see many mouths open against what appears, at first hearing, as the scheme of a *doting old woman* ! What ! is not your church big enough ? A great deal too big ! to be spoken in, or heard in, with ease. But does it accommodate the parish ? So far from it, that, were it not for the liberality of the dissenting congregations, vast numbers would have no means of attending *any public worship*, whilst seat rents are so high in the *one parish church* that the poor have no chance of 'hearing the gospel preached unto them,' but by a few crowding the passages, and thronging the pulpit to the great inconvenience of the congregation and the preacher. I was, indeed, a very old woman before this idea entered my head. I owe it to Dr Chalmers' admirable 'Essay on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism,' published in the *Edinburgh Review*, No 50. Speaking of the demoralization of the lower ranks in great towns, compared with country parishes, he mentions the admission of poor's rates (which are now weighing England down) as one cause, by taking off the honest shame of *receiving* parish support, and another, no less powerful, that the gradual increase of inhabitants in the towns has gone unnoticed, beyond the reach of religion, discipline and instruction, from the want of churches and of pastors. It burst on my awakened soul like a beam of light. I saw the evil ; and old and insignificant as I am, resolved to begin to remedy it, in my own neighbourhood, even at this (to me) late hour. It is now near half a century, said I to myself since I came to reside here, I learned some time after that the inhabitants of the town and parish of Montrose amounted to 6000 some odd hundreds. I have been informed of late, that they are now above 9000. This great increase, I presume, has mostly taken place in the last half of this period. We have rebuilt our church, increased its dimensions, even to inconvenience, yet far from accommodating the increased numbers, hundreds, perhaps I might say thousands are obliged to wander about to sectarian meetings, or spend the Sabbath in idleness. I need not, I hope, spend time in endeavouring to convince the people of Montrose, of all ranks, and all religious persuasions, that this is an evil ; and that children, playing on the streets in the time of public worship, and seeing their parents pay no other respect to the Sabbath but putting on their best clothes, and going out to divert themselves,—brought up with little knowledge of God and his laws,—have but a poor chance to turn out honest, industrious, useful members of society. But it is not only the want of public worship, which is suffered by a too numerous population, but the want of the

*private ministry* of pastors interested in their temporal and spiritual welfare, — who, making conscience of their office, visit, exhort, console, advise, and reprove, as circumstances occur ; but what can one man do amongst eleven thousand people which compose Dr. Chalmers's *share* of the overflowing population of Glasgow. Yet he does not despair of this enormous evil being remedied by degrees, once it is seen and acknowledged as an evil. 'One new Church (says he) building in Glasgow, and one additional pastor, is always a step to reformation.'

The first United Secession congregation, now belonging to the U.P. Church (Rev. A. Anderson, minister), was established about the year 1750, and repaired and lofted in 1788 ; and, including a church-yard which then surrounded it, was supposed, in 1836, to be worth from £500 to £600. Sittings, 550. The last minister was Rev. A. Wilson, who occasionally took a turn at the golf in the links. A minister, indeed, must have recreation, as well as others ; and in anything he puts his hand to, we should wish him, perhaps— if it is of this sort—"To be behind the foremost, but before the last." A new and handsome church was built for Mr. Anderson about 15 or 16 years ago, with about 700 sittings, and it occupies the whole site of the old one, as well as of the enclosed yard.

The second United Secession congregation (now U.P.), was established in 1787, and their present place of worship was built in 1824, at a cost of £1,100. Sittings, 750. Rev. H. Hyslop, minister. They formerly met in the Burgher-Yard, when the Rev. John King was their minister—a man of very plain exterior, especially as regarded dress. He walked much in the links, studying his sermons, and sometimes carried his child in his arms.

The Wesleyan Methodist congregation was established in 1793. Their chapel was built in 1814, and cost upwards of £900. Sittings, 300.

The Scottish Episcopalians built a very nice chapel, fronting the links, in 1844, called St. Mary's. Sittings, 400.

St. Peter's Episcopalian congregation is in connection with the Church of England, and dates from the period when Episcopacy ceased to be the established religion of Scotland. Their place of worship was founded in 1722, and opened in 1724. Sittings, about 800. It was visited by Dr. Johnson, "who praised it as a neat and cleanly place of public worship." It had a fine altar-piece of Moses and Aaron, with the table of the ten commandments between them, to which Moses pointed with his rod—most venerable in appearance they were; but they shared the fate of the building, which was burned down in 1857, after having been repaired and enlarged. A new and elegant building now stands in its place. Sittings, 700. The Rev. John Dodgson was long their minister—a most gentlemanly man and very good to the poor. The writer called upon him once, to get his signature to a school examination report, written by Rev. W. Nixon, when he said, "I never took up a pen with greater pleasure in my life." Mr Iago is now minister.

The Baptist congregation was established about the year 1812, and their Chapel was built about 1826, at the cost of £400. Mr James Watson, basket-maker, was long their pastor, a very shrewd man he was, and very popular. His lectures on the Sunday evenings were well attended; and though he was almost blind, he had a good knowledge of the scriptures, which were read to him by one or other of his family at home. His mind was, under all these disadvantages, well stored with Bible truth, and he could hold his own with any who tried him in controversy. He often took a leading part also at public meetings, and spoke up for the good of the town. He left the town many years ago, and went to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, where he still continued to preach. Since his time, the church has fallen off, but still continues to meet in Commerce Street.

St. George's Free Church was built in 1843—the con-



gregation having met before that in a wooden erection at the Bowling Green, when the Rev. W. Thomson, now of Grey Friars Church, Aberdeen, was their minister. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Laird of Inverkeillor, a most earnest preacher, and one who devoted much of his time to the visitation of his flock. After him came the Rev. Mr Grigor, who died, much lamented, and to whose memory a marble tablet was placed in the wall opposite to the pulpit. The present minister is the Rev. John Lister.

The Congregational Church, Baltic Street, like others of the same order in Scotland, arose out of the revival produced by the preaching of the Haldanes. It was formed in 1800, by the late Rev. George Cowie, whom some of the older inhabitants still remember. He was at one time parochial school-master in Montrose, and assistant minister in the parish of Dun, and tutor at Charleton—a man of great learning and piety. He had an excellent style of elocution, and was a very pathetic preacher. His manner in private was sometimes very austere. There was a certain tinge of melancholy about him, produced, perhaps, by delicate health. At times in private he was exceedingly sociable and agreeable. My father, when serving his apprenticeship to James Haddon, received much kindness from him. His father having been a shipmaster, he had always a great liking to seamen and preached a sermon to them every year. He removed to Edinburgh, and was for some years theological tutor there; but afterwards, to the great gladness of his people, returned to Montrose. He died in Edinburgh in 1829. I visited him in his last illness, and told him I had got my father to name one of my half-brothers after him, George Cowie Mitchell. After a number of ministers, who stayed only a short time, he was succeeded by Mr Campbell (now the Rev. Dr. Campbell), of Bradford, under whom the church prospered greatly.

Mr Campbell being a great voluntary, Mr Nixon and he were strongly opposed to each other on the endowment question, and had a long wordy warfare; but after the Disruption, Mr Campbell offered Mr Nixon's congregation the use of his church, when they were threatened to be dispossessed of their own, thus showing that they only stood out upon principle. The church's present place of worship was built in his time. It is in the Grecian style, plain but neat, substantial and commodious, seating about 700. The present minister is the Rev. P. Whyte, under whom the church has been much increased, and is very prosperous. A very fine and powerful organ has been introduced. It harmonizes well with the voices in singing and chanting. This congregation is noted for its liberality. At a breakfast meeting on New Year's morning, the treasurer stated, that last year they had raised more than £600. It is also noted for its Sabbath School and Missionary work. In addition to the ordinary congregational Sabbath School and Bible Classes, Mr James Johnston has in Bridge Street, one of the largest and most efficient Sabbath Schools in town; also a penny bank. Mr J. W. Japp has a large and useful school in Erskine Place, and Mr F. Japp in Queen Street.

The Evangelical Union Church, John Street, is next in the order of dates, having been built in 1849. It is a very neat place of worship. Sitzings, 490. The congregation previously met in the Thistle Hall and had for their minister Rev. Mr Wood. Their present pastor is Rev. John Whitson.

Melville Church, erected in 1854, in connection with the Established Church, has 800 sittings, and has a parish annexed to it. Minister, Rev. William Anderson.

St. John's Church has a school in connection with it, taught by Mr. Menzies with great success. It had another storey added to it after General Straton's death, the expense of which was defrayed from funds left by him for education.

This affords accommodation for a girls' school, which is well attended. The first teacher was Miss Grant, the second Miss Christie, the third Miss Brownlee, who has been succeeded by Miss Menzies.

St. Mary's Church has also good school accommodation beside it. The master has the assistance of pupil teachers, and there is a mistress for sewing, &c.

White's Free School, founded in 1816, educates 100 poor children, and the master is assisted by pupil teachers.

Miss Jane Straton's Charity School, established in 1822, educates 42 boys and 35 girls. Mr Davidson and Miss Norrie are the teachers.

Mr John Milne's school-house at townhead was built at the expense of the town, and given to him rent free. He is reckoned a very strict and pains-taking teacher.

The Sessional School, near the shore, was erected in 1841, and is taught by Mr Stewart and Miss Brand, and is always well reported of at the annual examinations.

The Castle Street School, has been kept by Miss Mathers since her father's death. It is pretty well attended, and is patronised by the Free Church, with which it is in connection. Knox's Church has also a school in connection with the church.

There are several ladies' schools in Montrose, which are well patronised, besides other private schools; but with all the school accommodation so amply provided, there is still a great want of a school for sailors—one solely for them as in other large towns, in which they could attend to their studies, undisturbed by the din of youngsters; and if any generous individual would leave a legacy for the purpose of building and endowing such a school, he would confer a great boon upon the town of Montrose.

The late Alexander Gordon Esq., left a small legacy of £10 to be given to a teacher of navigation to young men

in the evenings; and there is at present in Montrose a mate of a ship (the "Margaret"), whose name is Robert Walker, who got his schooling at an evening school (the master of which got the £10 from the Magistrates), and passed the board from that school, without being at any other. But still a day school is much required for the seafaring classes. Whether the gift to the town by the late W. Mitchell of Old Montrose may be so appropriated, it is left for others to judge.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## Town Houses of the Neighbouring Country Gentry, &amp;c.

**M**ISS Sinclair, in her travels in Shetland, makes the remark, "That the neighbouring gentry had town-houses, though only a few miles from Lerwick;" and the same also applied to our good town in 1746. One reason for this, besides the desire for society, was the bad state of the roads in the country at that time in winter, when the wheels of the carriages would have gone up to the naves in the mud.

The Duke of Montrose's castle stood where Mr. George Smart's house now is, at the back of Peel's Monument, and the last remains of it were pulled down within the memory of many of the present inhabitants, and the houses of the gentry clustered around it. That antiquated building that belonged to William Dorward, Esq. (whose father, an old man who wore a broad bonnet, and sold sticks in a sma'll shop opposite, bought from William Hendry, Captain Bryden's father-in-law, for 500 guineas), is supposed to have been built by the Dun family for their town-house, and General Erskine, from his library window, could spy with his glass the library of the house of Dun. The walls were three feet thick. It has a large garden behind reaching down to the back sands. The laird of Dun had also another house, which occupied the site behind Lyall & Fell's shop, where there was formerly a house with a flat roof, with a parapet or balcony in front. At the back of this house was the Laird's.

The kitchen, low down, had a strong vaulted roof of stone, with a huge grate, which would have roasted an ox. It was seen when the house was taken down some years ago. The laird was fined by the Magistrates for firing a gun out of the window. Two old ladies—the Misses Strachan of Balgavies—lived in Mr. Dorward's house, which was afterwards the town residence of the Youngs of Auldbar, the last of whom drowned himself when a bridegroom, and the bride had a package delivered to her, containing a mortcloth with satin figures of death-heads and cross-bones, by mistake, it having been intended for John Brand, treasurer of St. Peter's Chapel, her name also beginning with B. She fell into a swoon on opening the box. Mr. Dorward's house has the year 1679 upon it. Down a close, directly opposite, was the jointure house of Mrs Scott of Benholm, the mother of Mrs Carnegie of Charlton, who was sister to Mrs Doctor Hunter. The doctor lived long in it, and was always to be seen at a certain hour in the afternoon taking his walk to the bridge. He wore a queue-wig. Down the next close but one from Mr. Dorward's, lived Mrs. Scott of Rossie, in the house now belonging to Bailie Greig. Further on we come to that baronial residence, built by John Ochterlony, Esq., banker in Ayr, and laird of East and West Kintrockat. His mother was Ann Skinner, sister to Commissary Ogilvy's mother. One of the Misses Ochterlony\* was a famous landscape painter, and a brother held a high rank in the Russian army. This house now belongs to A. Burnes, Esq. The laird of Craigo's aunt lived in the next house north, down an entry at the end of George Croom's shop, and his sisters next to their aunt, in a house with a green gate and pillars,

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\* Miss O. was great-grand-daughter of Prince Rupert. Two letters found in her possession by James II. to Viscount Dundee, and handed by Mr. Ross, writer, to the Museum, were found on his person on the field of Killiecrankie, and sent to Lord Macaulay, who said that the one dated 7th July, 1689, helped to fix the date of that battle on 16th July of that year.

and also trees in front at regular distances. The pillars are yet to be seen at Mrs. Provost Paton's house at the Mall. Lady Carnegie, of Southesk, lived in Dr. Steele's house. Provost Doig at one time occupied the same, and his daughter was married to Sir David Carnegie, Baronet of Southesk. Next comes the property that once belonged to the Coutts' family, and now to Dr. Watson. Mr. Coutts, founder of the Strand Bank, who left a fortune of two millions, was brought up here. He married an actress, who, after his death, was married to the Duke of St. Albans. Provost Christie's house was where Mr. Lackie lives. He wore his robes of office or regalia when he went to the council-house, and carried a long staff, which he held in the middle; and when the Councillors saw him they said, "There's the Provost," and away they went and took their seats at the board. Crossing over through the Town-Hall, we come to a close past Mr. Guthrie's shop, where the town-house of Dr. Young of Balmanno was, where Mrs. Lyall now resides. The house that was removed to make room for the National Bank belonged to Mr. Robert Renny of Borrowfield, and the Duke of Cumberland once slept in it. The house north of the National Bank's new building was a dwelling-house of no mean importance in days gone by. First the family residence of the Carnegies of Craigo, next of the Scotts of Criggie, and latterly of the Carnegies of Balnamoon. It is still an excellent house, with very superior accommodation, far outstripping, in that department, houses of more modern erection. It now belongs to Mr. John Dow, stationer, and is rented by Mr. McCall as the Royal Hotel. The house at the top of Bridge Street, belonging to the Misses Renny, was built by Ambassador Straton's father, who sold it to their father in 1770. It is a very large and substantial house, and has all the appearance of a baronial residence, being spacious and lofty in its apartments, and having a very broad staircase, a garden and trees, and ample space around it. It is built of

double brick from Old Montrose, and the wood is all foreign. When an alteration was made sometime ago, the workmen had great difficulty in taking down the old work. The town-house of Mr. Stephen of Letham was where Mrs. Dickson lives, opposite Peel's Monument. His wife was the heiress of Arbekie, and their daughter Mrs. Strachan of Tarrie—a very eccentric character. The next house on the other side of the close was bought by Dr. Ross from a Mr. Thomson, a country gentleman ; and Miss Ross, who was married to Dr. Ogilvie of Parkconnon, was born on the day that her father died. Mrs. Captain Scott lived in that house with the trees, fronting Bridge Street, next to Mr. R. Smart's ; and the Misses Straton in the one next to it, belonging to Mr. James Ross, writer. Lady Jane Skinner lived in strict seclusion on the west side of the High Street, down a close, at the head of which was a small low-roofed house, on the top of which the boys would have got by going up Bailie Low's stair. She would allow nobody to go in at the door—every thing, such as bread, &c., being handed in at the window, at the side of the door. There was only one man—James Brodie, the Provost's man, who would have come with the papers—that she asked in once, and he would hardly go ; but he could tell her about the news of the town, and on this account was favoured. One day he said he would not be fond of such neighbours as she kept about her. " Oh ! what do you mean, James ? " " Oh, the rat on the top of the table ! " It was a tame rat, and as harmless as possible : she would have stroked it down, and it would have got its meat off the table. She had a great collection of books, many of them deistical. Bailie Robert Beattie's property was that house opposite the Town Hall, now belonging to Mr. D. Burns, wright. Discovered from a deed of disposition, 14th July, 1733.

Major Turnbull lived in that house where Mitchell's Buildings are now, that Mr Mudie afterwards inhabited,—a



very gloomy retired house it was, with a gate and a paved court inside, on the site of which Dr. Johnston's now stands. It was sold to Henry Lawrie, and purchased from him by Mr Mitchell. This was at the time when so many of the gentry resided in Montrose, and when it was the custom for them to have card clubs and assemblies, and the sedan chairs were to be seen going and coming in all directions, and no doubt the time also to which Dean Ramsay's stories refer. Sometimes the ladies would have gone on foot, and on such occasions, they had a woman going before to show the way with a large three-cornered lantern. These parties would sometimes have sat very late. Mr. Gardiner, the father of Colonel Gardiner, who lived in Academy Square, had often parties at his house, and one night, a Mrs Milne, on her way down to conduct the parties home, had to pass through the church-yard. It was a fine quiet night, but very late, and when she had got to the steps in the church-yard, and was musing away, up starts a woman suddenly with a lighted candle in her hand, at which she started in a fright. That night she was conducting Mr George Milne home, and he said that he had had a good night at the cards, and slipped half a guinea into her hand. This he would have done at any time, for he was very rich and generous. Some one was praising Mr Gardiner to his wife for his kindly disposition, when she replied, "He's a cause-way doo but a hoose deevil!" Another woman would have been seen sitting among the tomb-stones spinning her wheel, and watching her clothes through the night; her name was Annie Blaikie. "The assemblies were set agoing solely by the county gentlemen, and were intended entirely for the amusement of them, their wives and daughters. For many years they shone as the genteelest and most select assemblies of the sort in the country;"\* so select indeed, that

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\* *Montrose Review* of 1818.

when Miss Erskine of Dun was present at one, and saw Miss Airth, a tenant's daughter there, she rose and went out. Her father had the farm of Mains of Dun, and afterwards lived in the links.

Captain George Mill married the heiress of Glenbervie. His brother, Captain David, the founder of the Mill family of Old Montrose, accumulated vast wealth, and left £50,000 to the town of Montrose ; but the case got into the Court of Chancery, and never got out again, the town having neglected at the proper time "to make appearance." This is noticed in the *Montrose Review* of 6th June, 1828.

Another brother was John Mill of Fearn and Noranside. Mr David Mill resided in London, but when he visited Montrose, he lived with his aunt, Miss Mary Mill, in the house belonging to Mr Hendry, where Mr Murray the draper's shop now is, and it had an outside stair. Bailie Napier lived next house south of Miss Mill's. The Misses Lesslie that waited on the assemblies, lived in the same house. One of these ladies having to wait at the plate of St. Peter's Chapel, stood with her hands behind her back, and when any one passed without giving anything, she would say, "Ow, naething ava the day." Lady Ramsay of Fasque and Balmain, lived in that large building now belonging to the Gordon family, which the late Mr William Gordon bought from Sir Alexander Ramsay for a thousand pounds—a good bargain certainly. Mr Carnegie, the laird of Craigo, built that large house now belonging to Dr Anderson, at the head of Lower Craigo Street, for a town-house, and many a coach drove up to it, and many a ball was held. Straight opposite, where Mr William Ross's house is now, stood a very old house, with a dovecote, this was the Duke of Cumberland's barracks, and the officers took possession of the house of Kinnaber. It is said that the Duke waited on the south side of the Ferry, intending to burn the town, having been

told it was a nest of rebels; but a deputation from the citizens waited upon him, professing their loyalty, on account of which he spared it, saying that he did not think Montrose contained so many loyal subjects. When his soldiers were in the town, the poor town's people, when they had made ready their dinner, did not know if they would get leave to eat it, as the soldiers might have come in and helped themselves, and they durst not say a word—it was dangerous to say what side they were on. They made a great search for the sacramental plate, in draw-wells and every place, and after all, it was concealed below the bed on which one of the officers slept. That house was where Mrs Hughes's is now, at the corner of Seagate, outside of which, where there were pillars, sat the wives and span. The house belonged at that time to an elder of the name of Knowles.

The Rutland Cavalry were, about the year 94, stationed in Montrose, and had often quarrels with the inhabitants, to whom, especially to the lasses, they were not over civil; on which account the Volunteers took their part against the Cavalry, and a fray was the consequence. John Herd and other carters stoned the Cavalry, who drove furiously about, brandishing their drawn swords, till the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Lord Adam Gordon, had to be sent for, and his Deputy, Mr Brodie, came, and the Cavalry were dismissed from the town that night.

The following story I had from an old man, James Gouck, still alive; and as it shows the proper respect due to one in authority, it is worthy of being mentioned. A soldier had deserted his regiment, the 42nd, at Aberdeen, and was to be lodged in the jail of Montrose; and when John Tawse, the town's-officer, had him at the top of the stair, and with the key in his hand, the deserter made an attempt to take the key from him; but Tawse, holding the key as far behind his back as he could reach, and the man with the other, held

him there till he got assistance, and the man lodged in jail. A watch being set on the outside, James Gouck was walking sentry, when the lasses asked him what was ado, "Ou dinna speak to sodgers," said James. After a while, Colonel Gardiner was passing, and said to James, "Well, my man, are you standing sentry here?" "Yes, Colonel," said he, "but I'm at a loss how to salute you—whether to present or carry arms." "Oh," said the Colonel, "it does not matter much; but as you are a young soldier, I may just say, that after sunset it is present arms. But, my man, you must be very cold in such a night as this—I'll give you off my greatcoat." "Oh no, sir, that will never do—I'll manage very well—besides it is too long." "Why, for that matter, tuck it up this way and hold it up, with your hand on the gun by your side." So James had no help but take the coat; but when his sergeant, David Muckart, saw him with it, he made him exchange it for his, and put on the Colonel's coat himself, and walked about very proudly with it.

In the time of the French war, about 1809 and following years, there was a constant drilling of recruits in the links, which was almost covered with them, all in companies, the Montrose Volunteers, and other companies, who afterwards joined the local militia. It was a very gay sight to us boys, and when their armour glittered in the sun, as Sir Walter Scott says—

" 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life  
One glance at their array."

There was always an awkward squad at the chapel dyke, out of which, at least one man never got, for he did not know his right foot from his left, and they had to put a mark with chalk upon his right foot, because when the sergeant called out right, left, he always put out the left foot for the right. Bill Huskins was fogleman, and was very quick in his antic movements, and a first-class hand at mak-

ing the bugle sound in the street, beginning at the New Wynd. And then the tattoo at eight at night, the fifes playing and drums beating, and John Bait beating the bass drum, made things very lively, and we were very sorry when the soldiers left the town. Lord Cathcart, who wanted an arm, and other Generals, would have come and reviewed them at times.

We have now, in peaceful times, another set of Volunteers in their place. They are very diligent at ball-practice, and the Gatherings in summer are great affairs, and attract the best marksmen from all parts of the country, to witness the shooting and the games. The first Gathering took place in 1860; and the Forfar and Kincardineshire Volunteers are drilled some weeks previous to the Gathering, which generally takes place in August.

The Estates immediately north of Montrose, and at the distance of an easy walk from it, are those of Borrowfield and Newmanswalls. The Borrowfield property belonged to the Graham family previous to the year 1408, when it was sold to Mr. Alexander Gardyne by Sir William Graham. The Gardyne family retained possession of the property until the year 1615, when it was sold by another Alexander Gardyne to Hercules Tailzeour, or, as afterwards spelt, Tailyour. The Tailyours continued in possession till 1806, when Elizabeth Jane Tailyour, heiress of Borrowfield, and wife of Robert Renny died, leaving the property to her eldest son, Alexander, with directions to assume the surname of Renny Tailyour.

The Newmanswalls property formed part of the ancient hospital grounds of Montrose, and was possessed by the Panter Family, by right of a crown charter, from about the year 1410 until 1636, when it was sold to the Scotts of Logie. About the year 1780, Robert Mill of Hatton, nephew of James Scott of Logie, succeeded to the property, and assumed

the name of Scott of Logie. His daughter, Margaret Scott, who was married to Brigadier General Sir John Hope, next inherited the property, and sold it in 1809 to Alexander Renny Tailyour, Esq. of Borrowfield, whose son, Colonel Renny Tailyour, is the present proprietor of Borrowfield and Newmanswalls.

Both of these estates have been very much improved within the memory of many of the present inhabitants of Montrose. A good deal of what is now strong corn land on Borrowfield was full of bogs at the back of Newmanswalls, while what was gravel pits and rugged waste land on Newmanswalls, next to the road as you enter the town from the north, is now all under cultivation.

Farther on to the north is Charleton, formerly the property of the Carnegies of Pitarrow, and now of Mr. Gordon. Towards the west, and overlooking Montrose, is the House of Rosemount, beautifully embowered among trees, the property of Duncan Inverarity, Esq. At the entrance to the garden is yet to be seen a relic of the Cattlesou wreck, consisting of an ornamental part of the frigate that accompanied the fleet. On the road to Brechin is the estate of Langley Park, which belongs to Captain Cruickshank ; next is the estate of Dun, the property of William Kennedy Erskine, Esq.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Distinguished Natives.

JOSEPH HUME.

**M**ONTROSE can boast of two Reformers, each of them great in his own way—Andrew Melville, Reformer of the Church, and Joseph Hume, Reformer of the State. The latter was a native of the town, and the former was born at Baldovie, an estate in the neighbourhood, and received his early education in Montrose. It has been justly said of Mr Hume, that he conferred more honour on Montrose, than ever he received from it. He was a man eminently fitted by natural gifts, both of mind and body, to act the part he did in the great council of the nation. He brought to the task sound sense, and powers of reflection, which enabled him to draw from observation and experience, those practical lessons which the times required—indeed as was said of Sir Robert Peel, at the time of the Corn Bill “he was *the man for the times*”—a man, in short, of “facts and figures.” As the mainspring of all, he had the welfare of his native town, and of the country at large, as his ruling principle; and what motive can be stronger? and his hardy and robust constitution made labour sit light upon him, so that he could weary out all opposition. The pear was ripe, too, and fell into his hand; for at the time he was first made member for the burgh, there was a noble band of Reformers in Montrose, who prepared his way. These were Provost Charles Barclay, James Burnes,

Esq., Dean of Guild, Dr. Gibson, Alex. Thomson, Esq., Mr James Bisset, and Mr George Beattie. The Town Council at that time, like all the other Municipal Corporations of Scotland, since the act 1469, were self-elected—the old councillors electing the new; and although power may be conferred upon any set of men who know how to use it, yet human nature is such that the best become arbitrary in its exercise and sometimes tyrannical in the extreme. How few are like the present Emperor of France, who seems to know the exact measure of liberty to mete out to his subjects, and how much they can rightly use; and how well may the epithet, applied to his uncle's prowess in the field, be ascribed to him, "*acer et indomitus*" as a ruler of his people. But such was not exactly the complexion of the rulers of the burgh of Montrose, when Joseph Hume was elected in 1818. They had not the discretion to see that the Burgesses required to know more of the affairs of the town, than came to their knowledge. They refused to satisfy their reasonable desire to know the state of the funds, and tried to prohibit a public meeting, called by advertisement, to look into them, but had afterwards to submit to an opinion of counsel requiring them to do so. Then they held out the olive branch, and in their confusion resolved to appoint their successors in the council by ballot—a mode of election not known to the constitution, by which step the burgh was disfranchised, and a warrant obtained from the Prince Regent for a new set of the burgh, by which the Burgesses were empowered to elect 12 councillors. This warrant was obtained through a recommendation of the Lord Advocate and the Law-officers of the crown, the latter of whom afterwards, when they saw to what it would lead, sought to have it withdrawn, but it would not do; and Lord Gifford, the vice-chancellor, expressed surprise when these law-officers wished to repudiate their own act



and deed. So the other towns were set on edge, and wished to have the same privileges, which however, were not granted, till the time of the Reform Bill, and then not to the extent granted to Montrose. But they in admiration of the example set them by this town, and of Mr Hume as a public man, united in returning him to parliament; and ever after the character given of him in the speeches delivered at that meeting, especially in that of Dr. Gibson, was thoroughly sustained by Mr Hume in after life.

Mr James Bisset acted a most important part in carrying out the views of the Reformers by the counsel which he gave, as well as by his writings in the *Review*, and his appeals to the patriotism and public spirit of his townsmen; but none drew the attention of public men, or fastened the eyes of all upon him, so much as Provost Burnes, for in the appearances that he made in Edinburgh before the convention of royal burghs, he astonished the lawyers, whom he is said to have equalled in forensic powers. He was one who possessed in an eminent degree suavity of manner, with persuasive force; and if it had not been for him, the convention itself might have retraced its steps. A writer in the *Montrose Review*, for 1818, with the signature of "Meg Merilees" labours to prove that the Prince Regent was not the channel by which the right of corporations should have been regulated, but parliament. Sir A. Hamilton, though fully acknowledging and bewailing the corrupt state of the burghs, took the same line of argument in his place in parliament; but the Prince Regent, acting for the king, and by the advice of his constitutional advisers, the Lord Advocate and the law officers of crown, granted a warrant for a new set of the burgh, and as the kings at first granted these charters, they had certainly a right to see that their intentions were given effect to, and as law is the science which teaches justice, Lord Gifford took the same view. If law is a science, it has fixed principles, which are

deeply imbedded in the mind of every lawyer; and if it were not so, and we had nothing but party to guide us, there would be nothing sure, for whatever party was most powerful would dictate the laws, to maintain its own ascendancy. The *Montrose Review* for the year 1818, particularly is full of compliments to Montrose, for the part she took in opening up the Scotch Burghs; for we find in the London, Edinburgh, and provincial papers, many notices to that effect; and as a proof that the Prince Regent acted wisely, we have parliament at last following up tardily years afterwards in the same direction, though not to the same extent in the general Reform Bill. And the people of Montrose well deserved all the praise they got, for they went prudently to work, and all concerned, it may be said, were satisfied. The three Commissioners also, appointed by the Prince, viz., the Sheriffs of Forfar, Perth, and Kincardineshires (Mr Duff, Mr Forbes, and Mr Douglas), in very eloquent addresses, complimented the electors and elected on the propriety of their conduct during the whole election, and explained to the magistrates and citizens their duties. The names of the councillors were:—Charles Barclay, John Dorward, William Anderson, William Ross, William Caird, Thomas Dougal, James Clark, George Shepherd, David Whyte, Alexander Smart, James Burnes, James Crawford, John M'Gregor, Dr. Gibson, James Birnie. James Burnes, Esq., Dean of Guild, gained his election by a majority of 5. His assessors were:—Patrick Mason, Robert Smith, William Anderson, David Buchan, George Shand, William Smart. The Commissioners met again on Thursday, at Two o'clock when the New Council appeared before them, and elected the following Magistrates and Office-Bearers, Charles Barclay, Esq., Provost; James Clark, Esq., George Shepherd, Esq., William Caird, Esq., Bailies; William Anderson, Esq., Treasurer; Alexander Smart, Esq., Hospital Master.

The Trades appeared before the Commissioners, and elected the following gentlemen:—Alexander Keith, Convener; Alexander Stewart, James Watt, James Will. The word "Reform" is sometimes taken in an unworthy sense, as what tends to the breaking down of time-honoured institutions; but this cannot be said of Mr Hume. He, like a wise and prudent partner in a mercantile house, wished only to restore what had gone into disorder, and to place every thing on a sound footing—to carry on the business of the state with prudence and foresight, and in an economical way. None can object to such reforms.

After his death, there was a statue erected in the middle of the High Street, to his memory. In digging the foundation, about 20 silver coins were picked up, of the reign of Edward I., which are to be seen in the Museum.

The following Poem, on the Inauguration of the Statue, is taken from Smart's "Songs of Labour and Domestic Life":—

Unveil the form, the face unveil,  
That never quailed to mortal man;  
In sculptured stone the Tribune hail,—  
The Patriot's manly features scan.  
Fit tribute to his honoured name,  
The first Reformer of the age;  
The heir to an enduring fame  
In truthful history's brightest page.

His advent into public life,  
Girt in his patriot coat of mail,  
Brought courage to the gathering strife,  
A voice that turned corruption pale:  
He placed his back against a rock,  
While hostile ranks enclosed him round,  
And bore unmoved the fiercest shock,  
Nor bated once an inch of ground.

Assailed by many a venal scribe,  
By slander coarse, by scornful jeer,  
To every worthless taunt and jibe  
He turned a deaf and dauntless ear.

The ridicule that few can stand,  
When polished satire aims the dart,  
And malice seeks a name to brand,  
Fell pointless from his noble heart.

With facts and figures doubly armed,  
Strong in its cause the brave man stood ;  
No labours tried, no fears alarmed,  
No frown of power his soul subdued.  
From licensed plunderers bent to guard  
The public purse, the public weal,  
Chief of a little band he warred,  
With words more strong than pointed steel.

He lived all hostile clamour down,—  
The few became a phalax strong,  
And round the chief of gray renown  
Reform rung forth—a chuckoo song ;  
And he, the pioneer of old,  
Through good and ill report the same,  
Saw quondam foes, converted, hold  
His early faith—his triumph claim.

The friend of universal man,  
Whate'er his creed, whate'er his clime,  
His mind o'erleapt the narrow span  
Of party, for a field sublime.  
The heat and burden of the day  
With steadfast will the patriot bore ;  
Then sunk to rest with evening gray,—  
His task fulfilled, his warfare o'er.

While senates owned his matchless worth,  
Integrity no power could bend,  
The joy of the domestic hearth,  
He lived the husband, father, friend.  
Robed in simplicity and truth,  
A Spartan virtue round him shone,  
And mingled with the fires of youth  
The wisdom that with years had grown.

Home of his early dreams, Montrose !  
Scenes where his joyous boyhood ran !  
His name reflected lustre throws  
O'er wood, and stream, and flowery lawn :  
The Esk runs sparkling to the sea,  
The billows lave thy lovely shore,—  
An anthem to the brave and free,  
Still blending with the ocean's roar.

## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

Among the many distinguished men that Montrose has produced, none has been invested with greater interest, in my estimation, than the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes. Having known him so well as a school-companion and playmate, his brilliant career in India struck me with surprise. There is no telling how much home recollections had to do with his success, as these indeed have at all times given a stimulus to heroic exploits, and have no doubt often decided the fate of a battle, on which depended the liberties of a nation. In this view it is wise to surround the homes of our youth with every attraction, since

“All pleasing memories spring from homes of men.”

Accordingly, I remember that at Pasch the Burneses had always the best dyed eggs to throw in the Links—they were of every possible variety of colour. He was a rough boy at school, often running with his boot laces untied, and falling over in the chase, as well as the foremost in bold adventures; yet one so trained in youth was just the man to go through with such an arduous work as the exploration of the course of the Indus, the perilous journey in Affghanistan, and his visit to the inhospitable Caucasus. His pleasurable feelings in writing home are faithfully recorded in *Good Words*, as also in Chapter VI. of this book.

## SIR JAMES (DR.) BURNES.

Sir James Burnes was Sir Alexander's eldest brother, and also distinguished himself in India, having been Provincial Grand Master (Western Province) of the Free Masons there, under the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He resided at Bombay, received the Guelphic honour of knighthood from King William the Fourth, and before leaving was honoured by a public banquet by the Scotch and English residents at that Presi-

dency. He gave a silver medal to the Academy. He was author of *A Visit to the Court of Scinde*, the Ameers of which country were then in their glory, now, alas ! departed. He is favourably mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* as a high authority in reference to the history of Cutch. Of Sir Alexander's third brother, Adam, it may be said that he might make a book of his own witty sayings.

## SIR JAMES DUKE, BART.

Sir James, son of Mr. John Duke, merchant, was born at Montrose on the 31st January, 1792. He entered the Civil Department of the Royal Navy at an early age, under Captain Sir Peter Parker, baronet—was with the late Lord Exmouth when Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and was secretary to the late Admiral Sir John Gore at the close of the war. He commenced his commercial career in London, in 1819 ; was chosen Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1836 ; and knighted 7th April following, having the previous year been appointed a Magistrate for Middlesex. He was elected Lord Mayor of London in 1848-9 ; a Deputy-Lieutenant for Lincolnshire and for Middlesex ; an Alderman of London (elected in 1840 for Farringdon-without) ; a Magistrate for Sussex ; and a Commissioner of the Lieutenancy of London. On his visit to Scotland when Lord Mayor, he was honoured with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. He was elected to present to the Emperor of the French the address of the merchants and bankers of the City of London, upon the occasion of his election as Emperor ; and subsequently the Emperor honoured him with the cross of "Chevalier of the Legion of Honour ;" and at the recent general election, the electors of the City of London passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him for his long and consistent service in Parliament. In politics he was a liberal, favourable to the ballot, and to the shorter duration of Parliaments. He

sat for Boston from 1837 till July, 1849, when he was returned for London without opposition, and was created a Baronet on 30th October of the latter year. He retired from public life a few years ago, after marrying a young wife, by whom he has a son and heir. He gives a silver medal to the dux of the Academy at the annual examinations. His brother, Dr. John Duke, served his apprenticeship to Dr. W. Gibson, and afterwards accompanied the first expedition of Sir John Ross to the Arctic Seas. He died at an age comparatively early, and was a man much respected.

DR. ROBERT BROWN.

Robert Brown—Illustrissimus Brown—as the first botanists in Europe by common consent called him, was a native of Montrose, his father having been Episcopal Incumbent, or Missionary at Glenesk. This gentleman accompanied Captain Flinders on his voyage to Australia, and was afterwards the personal and much trusted friend of the late Sir Joseph Banks, and was by him appointed, by will, librarian and curator of his museum, which was left to the British Museum, of which Dr. Brown was curator to the day of his death. Mr. B. was styled by Humboldt as the “facile princeps Britannicorum” as regarded the botanists of his day; and it was commonly said that there was not in any herbarium a plant which he failed to recognize, or to remember something of. He was of a disposition peculiarly retiring and modest. His good offices were always at the service of his young countrymen who visited the south in search of scientific employment or distinction. The writer of these lines—Dr. Alexander Gibson, of Auchinrioch—who had the honour of Dr. Brown’s personal acquaintance, most gratefully vouches for this fact. His father’s name may be seen in a window of Mrs. Erskine’s house, where he preached. Bonaparte wanted to make him a Count—he brought him into notice; and he was much in favour

with, and received marks of distinction from all the crowned heads of Europe. His system of botany will, it is thought, supersede the Linnæan, and is just coming into vogue.

DR. ALEX. GIBSON, OF AUCHINRIOCH,

Was a native of Montrose, served his apprenticeship with his half-brother, Dr. William Gibson. He was long in India in the practice of his profession, and was appointed Conservator of Woods and Forests there. He used to act plays in his mother's house, No. 33, Castle Street—his favourite, "Thrummy Cap," being one of them. He performed a feat in which few would follow him, going through all the shops in disguise, and begging for a poor woman. His conduct in this *beggars* description.

SIR WILLIAM BURNETT,

Long Inspector-General of Hospitals in H.M. Navy, was born and educated in Montrose. His father was a baker, and lived in that house, No. 40 High Street, and brought up a large family. Sir William's name is also famous as having been the inventor of the method (afterwards patented) for the prevention of dry rot. The process has for many years been applied with advantage, in preparing the timber used in H.M. Navy, and doubtless the saving to the country from the use of his process has been great.

Sir William was all along a kind friend and adviser, and protector to young men from Montrose and its vicinity; and many Medical Officers still in H.M. service, owe their introduction into public life to Sir W. The Navy Doctors presented him with his portrait.



## CHAPTER XV.

## Corn Trade, &amp;c.

**M**ONTROSE has long been famed as a shipping port for grain. Well situated on the coast of Angus, one of the best corn-growing counties of Scotland, it has a wider sweep of country around from which to draw supplies, and favoured by the converging lines of railway, it has now greater facilities than ever it had before. There is perhaps no better wheat land in England than the low parts of Maryton and Old Montrose, and Borrowfield in the immediate neighbourhood ; and all along, and up from the coast road northwards, there is strong corn land. Nothing can surpass Angus oats and barley ; so, taking into account the quality of the grain and the ready access for shipment or transit by rail, the corn merchants of Montrose must always carry on a very extensive business. One of them shipped upwards of 20,000 quarters of oats last year, which was nearly four times as much as were exported altogether ten years ago.

## FLOUR MILLS.

There are two Flour Mills in Montrose, the oldest close upon the Backsands, carried on by Mr. William Adams, and the other near the terminus of the railway, of which the partners are Messrs Mackenzie and Reid, who are about to make an addition to it. These two mills grind upwards of 20,000 qrs. of wheat between them in the year.

## STARCH MANUFACTORIES.

There are two Starch Works in Montrose, the oldest established by D. Milne & Co., in 1798, and now carried on in Bridge Street by Mr. George Milne, of the third generation. At the above date there were only other two starch works in Scotland, one at Musselburgh and the other at Renfrew. The other is in the Seagate, under the firm of the Montrose Starch Co., formerly carried on by Mr. John Muckart, who converted some old houses there into suitable premises, and thereby much improved the character of the locality. The starch manufactured in Montrose is of very fine quality, and is well known and highly esteemed all over the kingdom. At one time all the flour required for starch was ground by a hand-mill.

## POTATO TRADE.

The year 1847 was a calamitous year on account of the general failure of the potato crop of 1846 in Scotland, whereby the herring trade was also much affected, for about that time a quantity of herring was sent to Sunderland which could not be sold at any price for want of potatoes, and they were sent back to Montrose. Parcels of potatoes imported that year were considered a great rarity, and some sold as high as £14 a ton. If the importer had planted them, instead of selling any, he would have realized a fortune, for the prices kept well up the next and following years. When they began to recover from the disease, Mr. George Hall began at first in a small way to supply families in town from his farm of Glenskenno, and afterwards to ship them to the London market, in which trade he succeeded a few years so well as to build the large potato store at the Dock, and purchase the estate of Park-connon. The trade continued to be prosperous for a number of years, and the farmers got very high prices—some of them paying their rents from that crop alone; but they were the

only gainers in the end, for it is difficult to command the London market, at which prices fluctuate so much, and without some fixed arrangement with farmers about land, the trade could not be extensively carried on. From all that can be learned, no one that ever attempted the trade on a large scale made any thing of it. Caleb Anderson, at the commencement of his prosperous career, did well with it ; but he only freighted his ships with potatoes instead of ballast, and entered no farther into it. Potatoes are a perishable cargo too, and are so long on their way by sea, that when they come to a falling market, and are also deteriorated in quality, the sacrifice in price must be ruinous. The farmers are now shipping potatoes on their own account, as the prices are low here. The farmers in Forfarshire were much indebted to Mr. Hall.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## Fisheries.

**M**ONTROSE has, from time immemorial, been noted for its fisheries. It had, no doubt, from the very first owed its origin to these ; and now the salmon trade and fish-curing have got to a great height. About fifty or sixty years ago the Montrose market was more plentifully supplied with fresh fish than it is now. The fish-curing business of Montrose, in the early part of the century, was carried on solely in the article of cod-fish, salted in barrels for the English markets. At this period great numbers of cod were caught along our shores, and thousands of barrels were annually sent away. Now-a-days there is not above a few hundred barrels got during the winter months. Further on, about the year 1830, one of our local curers, Mr. Joseph Johnston, commenced to send smoked haddocks to the London market, and a few barrels weekly, sent by the smacks, were sufficient to glut the market. But gradually the trade increased, till London took hundreds of barrels more readily than the few. Railway communication has changed this trade, and now Glasgow is the great market for this kind of fish, and takes off from the east coast daily enormous quantities. The consequence of so rapid communication is, that fish of all kinds have risen greatly in price, and large haddocks that thirty-five years ago would have been bought at sixpence per dozen, have risen to eight or ten times the price.


The herring-curing of Montrose has been carried to a great

extent, and the effect of railway accommodation has been to induce both fishermen and fish-curers to look for herrings off their own coasts, and every year fresh discoveries are being made ; and Montrose, which once imported thousands of barrels of herrings from other quarters, has become a producing port, and heavy shots of them, fresh from the deep blue sea right off Montrose, have been landed during the fishing seasons in our harbour. At one time there were as many as sixteen fish-curers in Montrose and its locality, now there are only a very few, the principal of which are the firm of Joseph Johnston & Sons, who carry on the trade to a very great extent ; Thomas Napier, Esq., who, besides, did a great business in curing pork ; Mr. Alexander Mearns ; Mr. George Anderson, &c. Since the Bervie Railway commenced a good supply of fresh fish comes by it from the fish towns in the neighbourhood.

The salmon trade was first developed to a great extent by the enterprise of Berwick-on-Tweed Companies, who, towards the end of the last century, leased all the principal fisheries, and commenced the boiling and kit trade. Then the iceing of salmon and more rapid communication ended that trade. Formerly the salmon caught at the Northwater would have been thrown down on the bare sand in a hot day in summer, and would have lain there till the carts brought them in to the ice-house at Montrose in the evening, and then they were packed in boxes, and the ice smashed about them, to the great injury of the fish, and they had to wait the Rochester fast-sailing packets, but now they reach London in twenty-four hours or less. So much for the advantages of railway communication. Alexander Hector, Esq., has the salmon-fishing at St. Cyrus, Bervie, and places along the coast northwards.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## Savings Banks.

 SAVINGS Bank was established in Montrose in April, 1815, and has been continued ever since. In the *New Statistical Account* of Scotland, it is stated "There are at present 318 depositors, and the amount belonging to them is £1307, which is lodged with the Montrose branch of the National Bank of Scotland. There is also a savings bank connected with one of the spinning mills, for the accommodation of the labourers employed in it." A bank for small savings has long been kept in Castle Street School, open on Thursday evenings, and most regularly attended by Mr. Andrew Ross, in which many children have deposits, a very good thing for them. The Montrose National Security Savings Bank was established in 1840,—office in John Street, which is open for receiving and paying money on Thursday evening, from half-past six to half-past eight o'clock ; on Friday forenoon, from nine to twelve o'clock ; and for receiving money, on Saturday evening, from half-past six to eight o'clock. Trustees and Managers, the Provost of Montrose, &c. &c. The bank is managed by Mr. James Mudie, manufacturer. The twenty-fifth Annual Report states as follows :—

In reporting the business of the Bank for last year, the Committee of Management have to present first, general summary :

The Balance due Depositors at 20th November 1864 was....	£50,755	18	4
Deduct amount due Branch at Laurencekirk.....	445	8	7
Over.....	£50,310	9	9

	£50,810	9	9
The Deposits received during the year amount to.....	14,540	2	4
Add Interest credited to Depositors.....	1,469	8	0
	<hr/>		
	£66,820	0	1
The Sums paid to Depositors amount to...£15,024	1	0	
Of which to Laurencekirk Branch.....	420	6	7
	<hr/>		
	14,603	14	5
	<hr/>		
	£51,716	5	8
	<hr/>		
Showing an increase for the year.....	£1,405	15	11
	<hr/>		

There is also a Post-Office Savings Bank, which commenced operations in September, 1861, and the progress of the bank from that time, and especially during the year 1862, has been highly satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the qualification of new voters for Members of Parliament, as to having a certain amount of money in the Savings Bank, will become law, as "Money is a Defence," and, next to wisdom, a man's *best* defence, for he who has lost his money, as the world goes now, has lost his best friend, and is often reckless of consequences, and an unsettled friend to order. Money is the balance-wheel of the nation's machinery, which equalizes its motions, making them neither too fast nor too slow.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## Characters.

## JOHN O' ARNHA'.

John o' Arnha, the hero of the poem of that name by Mr. Geo. Beattie, was one of the town-officers of Montrose about fifty years ago, and one too who always carried with him the air of magisterial authority, and caused it to be felt. He had the look of one that would not be trifled with, carrying always along with him an oaken cudgel. It was not safe for the wicked boys to come within his reach, for when he brandished his stick, on a market day or at the shore, he would have driven them from him like the spray off the rock when the storm rages. He never seemed to have a friendly word to say to any one, but always stood or walked alone, whatever he may have done when George Beattie or James Watt got him into a quiet corner, and gave him a tumbler of porter; yet John was not a man that indulged in drink, or took ardent spirits, as the other town-officers did, for they sometimes exceeded, and on one occasion were called before the magistrates to be reprov'd for their conduct, he being along with them; so when the magistrates had redd them up, John looked over his shoulder and said, in going away, to the other officers, "Tak ye that, billies; ye wid na tak my warn-in', but I aye telt ye it wid come to that," thus showing that they alone, and not he, had need of the reproof. John, though stern, had been mild and gentle in his addresses to the softer sex, for he had no fewer than five wives, the last of whom



was Maidie Jack, once servant to Dr. Hunter. One day, John Ronald, a mason, met him as he was passing by, when they were building the addition to the Star Inn in the New Wynd, and said, "Ow, John, I'm thinking you'll be gey an' weel aff if you hae got something wi' a' your wives." "How could that be," he said, "when ilk ane o' them cam' wi' auld kists, an' I had to send them awa' wi' new anes." One fine summer morning, a man met him in the Little Roady, and said, "John, this fine shower will mak' a' thing rise out o' the grund." "I sud na wus that," said John, "for if my four wives were to rise up, there wud na be muckle peace between them and Maidie." Mr. Macpherson, of Spittal of Garvock, had bought a monstrous large ox from Sir Alex. Ramsay of Fasque, of 19 stones Dutch, and it was led into the town with ribbons flying as a great show, and put into a shed about the New Wynd, belonging to Mr. Middleton, the plumber. Mr. David Barclay, seeing John coming up, says, "O, there's John, we'll take him to see the ox, and see what he says about it." Well, they waited till he should come out, and asked him what he thought of it. "O!" says John, "nae-thing ava; I've seen a cow with twa calves sucking her, each of them bigger than he." He had always a large magniloquent way of speaking, as may be seen by the occasion taken of it in the poem. John to the last ate off a covered table in his own house, and kept up his independence. Maidie long survived him, and troqued away with swine, but before that she kept and entertained lodgers in the New Wynd, in that part of it called the "Happy Land." They had wont to keep cows and sell milk in John's time; and once when a boy went in for milk as John was dressing, he said, "Wait, laddie, and Maidie will be in just now; but, what d'ye think? the mouse has whelped in my coat-sleeve hanging up there the time that I've been lying here." Now, the truth was, the house was full of cats, and no mouse could have lived in it.

This boy, being a mislear'd rascal, used to run in behind John with a bounce and a spring, and knock his hat over his eyes, and by speed of foot was out of reach before John could see who it was. It was a wonder he was not afraid to go for the milk after that. Mr. Alex. Neilson, being a trustee, laid Maidie's head in the grave, and has John's snuff-box. Mr. Ryder and his company often had our hero in the Star Inn, heard him relate his wondrous adventures, and so personified his character as to form a comedy, which was acted in the theatre. He died at Montrose, on Saturday, 11th October, 1828, at the age of 91, 40 years of which he spent in the service of and attendance upon the good old rulers of the burgh. Until within a short period of his death he maintained a stout and hale appearance; and though on the superannuated list for several years, he continued to the last to take a pride in his scarlet coat. His remains were attended to their resting-place by the Magistrates and Council, many of the respectable citizens, and his brother officers.

## TAM SANGSTER.

Captain Gibson, of Ferry Street, with another gentleman, was coming down his own stair when Tam was passing, and said, "Ou, Tam, I never saw you with such a skinny, pale-faced horse before." "Oh!" says Tam, "if you had glowered as lang out o' a halter, your face would have been pale too." George Beattie and a friend met him in the Church-yard, and the former remarked, "This is one of our originals, we'll get something good from him. Oh! what's the matter that you are so fou the day?" "Ou, it's my birth-day, you man excuse me." He met him again about a week after in the same state. "How now, Tam?" "Ou," says Tam, "I'll see you at the market," and passed on. The birth-day would not do again. Mr. Mollison met him, with a few red herrings in his hand. "Oh! these are fine herrings,

Tammas—what would they cost you?" "I canna tell you," says Tam. "O, how is that—have you not just bought them?" "Yes, but I dinna ken how many bottles of beer I maun drink wi' them." Tam, when leading his horse, always walked with his hands behind his back, holding the tether or halter in his hand, for he never had a bridle. A man said to him, "Ou, Tam, that's a fine horse you have, what would you sell me that beast for?" "What would you give me?" "Oh, 2½d." "Have you that on ye?" says Tam, being well aware that his customer had not the command of a halfpenny. Tam was in the habit of going into Geo. Crawford & Co.'s shop for his dram. One day, as usual, Tam stammered in for it, when Dr. Paterson happened to be in the shop. He did not like to let the Dr. see what he was to be about, but crossed to the other side of the shop, and asked for three-bawbees-worth of weighed preens. Of course the shopkeeper knew his customer, and served him accordingly.

#### JAMIE SUTHERLAND.

Tirr-ho-buck was famous in his day. Being a cobbler, he usually wore a full-sized leathern apron, very greasy, and covering him altogether in front. When he made his appearance the boys would have cried, "Here's Tirr, let's seek a tirr" I once sought one, but never another, for he stood in behind me, put his great big hands on my shoulders, and nearly shook the soul out of the body. He was much about Lady Carnegie of Kinnaird's at whose house he did work, and her ladyship was very kind to him, and saw to all his wants. Jamie Fairweather, the deacon, was always with him in his own house, and shared with him what kind people gave him, and attended him in his last illness, when he was attended by Dr. Hunter, who told Jamie to give him two pills, one now and another two or three hours after, and a powder at eight o'clock. The Dr. called next day, and fornd

his patient gone, and asked Jamie if he had given him the powder. "No, Sir," said he, "it was to be given at eight and he died at six."

## DEACON GRIM.

Deacon Grim lived in a low thatched house, above the Port, where Mr. Cant the hatter's shop was afterwards, and at his death there were many claimants for the property. G— B—, who came to the town a tinker, was the successful one. He sold pots and pans at the cross; and often on a Friday his wife would have had to borrow an apron to carry them in to the market, till at last the person she borrowed it from said she would make her a present of it. The deacon made himself out to be very poor, but in reality was a miser, and was suspected to have hoarded up and concealed his wealth, so the tinker made search everywhere for the concealed treasure, the neighbours looking in at the window, and one day he thought of lifting up the hearth-stone, and there he found a kettle-pot full of gold pieces, but it was noticed that he was never poor behind it.

## DAVID POLE.

About fifty years ago, Montrose could boast of only one letter-carrier, and that one was not noted for speed of foot, for he had a limping gait, and walked on tiptoe, so that it was said of him, "there comes dancing Davie Pole, walking on his tiptoes, for the wearing of his sole." His well known foot was heard on the stair announcing his approach before he called out a letter. There are now three active young men delivering letters three times a day. I recollect his coming to the house where I lived, and he made a great noise on the stair with his stick, and his heavy tread was like as if somebody had fallen on the stair. The sole of his foot was just like the old crooked sixpence. The average

weekly circulation of letters passing through the post office is 20,000, now owing to the penny postage. This is also some index of our vastly extended trade and commerce. Postage stamps forwarded in letters can now be exchanged at many Post Offices for money at a charge of 2½ per cent., so that 3s. 4d. can be sent for one penny, and 1s. 8d. for ½d. Persons having money in the Post Office Savings Bank can draw it in any other, where they may happen to be. A singular accident befel one of the pillar letter boxes at Montrose. The street gas pipes having been opened for the purpose of examination and repair, an escape took place, and some of the gas found its way into the letter box. The night watchman, to light his pipe, struck a match on the top of the box, when a violent explosion took place, forcing out the door and doing other damage, but fortunately causing no injury either to the watchman or to the letters.

## JAMIE STEVEN.

Where is the creature living in Montrose  
That knows not JEMMY STEVEN? honest man!  
Who seldom doth regale his grateful nose  
Over the steam of savoury frying-pan;  
But dwelleth lone, the best way that he can,  
Withouten harm to any living wight;  
And in ane humble hole, on sober plan,  
Doth eat his bread, and sleepeth all the night—  
Ne feeling other pain than from his wretched plight!

Ane crumpled hat he weareth on his head,  
Tanned by long usage to a brownish hue;  
And darned and stitched with many-coloured thread  
Of thrums and worsted, from some housewife's clue;  
While shreds of greasy flannel, not a few,  
Are pinned and sewed, and then wrapped round and round,  
So there is little of his face in view,  
Because both neck and brow are snugly bound,  
And likewise is his head with this tiara crowned.

His coat is pieced with many a patch and clout;  
Some plush and new, and others old and bare;

For every tint that fashion can set out,  
 And every quality of cloth, is there !  
 Like that which good DAW JOSEPH used to wear—  
 Of serge, and corduroy, and velveteen ;  
 But which of these came first, I do declare,  
 No man can tell, who has the patch-work seen—  
 Not even the tailor's eye could find it out, I wean.

About his legs ane piece of cloth is rolled,  
 Which serveth both for gaiters and for hose,  
 And keepeth him right snugly from the cold,  
 When saucy Boreas from his cavern blows.  
 His breeks are very mean, you may suppose ;  
 So likewise are his often-mended shoon,  
 Through which, whenever he espies his toes  
 He putteth on a piece of leather soon ;  
 So that the clumsy brogues keep dry the tattered loon.

And thus yclad he saunters through the town,  
 Most like ane duck that waddles on her way ;  
 Sometimes he walks a little up and down  
 Upon the pavement, on a sunny day ;  
 And oft his hands in bosom doth he lay,  
 And oft he scratcheth, yea, and fidgeth too—  
 But for what reasons I decline to say,  
 Because it were not seemly that you knew ;  
 Mayhap poor JEMMY hath no better thing to do.

Once JEMMY was in love ? But love was cold  
 In the young maiden's heart. Ah, well-a-day !  
 Why need the sequel of the tale be told ?  
 He mourned his loss till reason went astray ;  
 Yet BERTY IRELAND oftentimes fills his lay,  
 Whene'er he chaunts extemporaneous song,  
 Which he will deftly do for humble pay,—  
 Yea, for a penny will he please the throng,  
 Who love to hear his rhymes the sounding notes among.

On Sabbath morn, whene'er the warning hour  
 Hath stricken ten upon the steeple chime,  
 A way he marches, and ascends the tower  
 Where crazy steps assist the foot to climb :  
 There looks he from ane Gothic hole sublime,  
 And marks the people as to kirk they wend ;  
 Till, after waiting for a little time,  
 He sees the minister pass through the Pend,  
 And then the beadle warns to let the jowing end.

And duly every time, when on his way,  
 With staff in hand, he plods through street and wynd,

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If window-shutters on their hinges play,  
Most carefully the latches doth he bind :  
And if perchance, the sewer may be confined  
By mickle stone, or straw, or ragged clout,  
With ready stick, most complaisantly kind,  
He clears the same, and lets the puddle out,  
To run its dirty course along the public spout.

Well might poor JEMMY be yelected the king  
And leader of the beggars—for each week,  
And eke each month, a bevy doth he bring  
From door to door, their wonted alms to seek ;  
For them and for their wants doth JEMMY speak.  
Among them all their pence he loves to share,  
At which the loons and carlins chuck the cheek,  
Shrug the blythe shoulder, and, with muttered prayer,  
Wend to some other house, to see what luck is there.

The waggish boys, on merry mischief bent,  
Do often plague him for their nightly fun :  
And he, poor guileless creature ! is content  
If from their company he can but run ;  
Albeit to knock them down there needs but one  
Stout effort of his hale and doughty arm ;  
But that, indeed, he never yet hath done,  
Because he careth not to do them harm ;  
And so they plague him still. Oh most unfeeling swarm

The world and its contentions, great and small,  
With gains, with losses, and with nothings rife—  
Its honours, pleasures, griefs, and troubles all  
Together with its scandal and its strife—  
These make no part of JEMMY STEVEN's life ;  
For such it seemeth that he was not born.  
Ah me ! withouten family and wife,  
He vegetates within his hole, forlorn,  
From weary hour to hour—from weary morn to morn.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Volunteer Movement in Montrose.

IT must be in the recollection of many of us, that for a number of years there was a constant recurrence of something approaching to panic in the minds of many, through dread of an invasion by the French, or some other hostile people, whose whereabouts was not clearly defined. The causes of this perturbation of mind were the defenceless state of the country, and the alleged easy practicability of invasion. In the dearth of news during the parliamentary recess, our country's weakness was made a constant subject of discussion, to warn the public, and fill up our daily broadsheets. Again and again a sort of mania recurred, and in 1859 reached a climax, in consequence of the well remembered boasting of certain bellicose French colonels, who, in a fit of valour, not only demonstrated how easily the country could be invaded, London sacked, and Great Britain made a French Province, but intimated their opinion that they would be soon invited to give their aid in finishing the little affair.

A happy thought seems simultaneously to have occurred to various influential men in different quarters of the country; and none pressed the subject on public attention more warmly, than our neighbour Colonel Kinloch of Logie. These gentlemen suggested, that throughout the country, and especially on our seaboard, Volunteer Corps should be organised to be drilled, so as to act as irregular troops, and



to be specially trained as marksmen. It was considered that a large body thus imperfectly trained, yet possessing a great amount of skill and undoubted courage, would be a most efficient aid to the regular army in case of invasion; and, in opposing the landing of a hostile force, might be found quite as useful as the regular army itself. Besides, as corps would be found located at short distances apart along the coast, they would form a sure protection against any surprise from an enemy's cruiser.

The chord thus struck, at last took hold of the ear of the community, who seemed for the first time to become alive to the fact, that there was a possibility of danger to be apprehended; and what we now term the "Volunteer Movement," at once sprung into existence. The present state of that movement is known to most of us. From a force at first of 50,000 or 60,000 men, the number has increased to not less than 170,000 in the seven years which have elapsed since its commencement. Of that great force, no less than 140,000 were last year entitled to be ranked as "efficient," who had earned the Government allowance. But these figures, large as they are, give but a partial view of the success of the movement. Those who are conversant with the working and management of Volunteer Corps, are aware, that year after year many men retire from their companies, most of whom have learned the elements of a good military education, and many of whom are well trained soldiers. We are probably therefore not far wrong when we state, that since the movement commenced, it has given to the country a force of intelligent and well trained soldiers—probably twice as large as the muster rolls at present shew—and it should be born, in mind; that this large force embraces all arms of the service, including Engineers, Mounted Rifles, Artillery, and Rifle Corps.

It need not have been wondered at, that the Volunteer

Force should soon produce a large body of the finest marksmen ; but it seems to have astonished the Government and the military authorities of the country, that so large a body of men, chiefly engaged in arduous occupations, should have so rapidly acquired all the knowledge of military evolutions, to which it was expected they would even attain. The Volunteers very soon aimed at becoming, if not equal, at all events not very inferior to their more professional brethren of the line ; and hence the instructions contained in the small manual of instruction, furnished by the War Office, as containing all that the Volunteers learn, were speedily acquired ; the manual itself was soon superseded, and the manuals adopted for the instruction of the army became also the manual for the Volunteers. Though the Volunteer Army cannot pretend to the same state of minute efficiency as the regular army, it is known, that its high discipline has astonished the military authorities of our own country, and has attracted the highest praise from those of foreign lands.

The success of the movement has been fully equal to that which was anticipated by its most ardent promoters ; for not only has a large and formidable army been brought into existence which is maintained at a small expense to the country, panics at the dread of invasion have now entirely ceased, and brave French colonels no longer give forth their bravadoes.

The people of Montrose were not behind their neighbours in the movement. In the autumn of 1859, public meetings were held in the town, at which it was unanimously and heartily resolved to offer to the Queen the services of two Volunteer corps, one of Artillery and another of Rifles. Under the auspices of Provost Napier and the other Magistrates of the burgh, Colonel (then Major) Renny Tailour of Borrowfield, and the most of the gentry of the town and neighbourhood, many of whom actually enrolled themselves

as members, two companies of Artillerymen and Riflemen were speedily organised, and drill commenced. The Artillery selected Francis B. Paton, Esq., Acharroch, as their first Commanding Officer, while the Riflemen elected Colonel Renny Tailyour to be their Captain. From November, 1859, when the first companies were organised, the popularity of the movement rapidly widened in the town, as it did throughout the country; and in March, 1860, it was found necessary to organise a new company of Riflemen, so as to enable the working classes of the town to share in the movement. The services of the new company were at once accepted by the Government, and it selected Robert H. Arkley, Esq., as Captain. During the first year it was necessary to give a large sum of money for the clothing and accoutrements of corps. One method adopted to raise funds was by turning the interest of the ladies in the town and neighbourhood to profitable account. They heartily joined the sterner sex in wishing success to the cause; and by a great effort succeeded in getting up a grand sale of fancy work—mostly the produce of their own fair fingers—which realised to the corps nearly £600. The magistrates contributed handsome subscriptions from the burgh funds, and most of the inhabitants contributed liberally. The sums collected in the town, and spent by the Volunteers themselves, in organising the corps, cannot be ascertained, but it could not be less than £1200.

Since the formation of the two corps they have continued to increase in numbers and efficiency; and though the fervour and excitement which preceded and accompanied the movement at first has died away, the young men of all classes of the inhabitants have not only recognised the importance of the movement itself, but finding the drill and shooting practice a healthful recreation, have continued to interest themselves in its success, and no difficulty is

found in keeping up the different companies to their required strength. Indeed, it is believed that there would be no difficulty in raising one or even two more companies in the town. Those who have hitherto taken the greatest interest in the matter, however, are quite satisfied with the progress which has been made, feeling assured that the existing companies form a nucleus sufficiently large for speedily organising a force twice or thrice their present strength, if the necessity for their services should arise.

In carrying out the proper organisation of the Volunteer Force, the War Office authorities thought it advisable to form several detached corps, not sufficiently strong, into brigades and battalions for administrative purposes. In this way, the Montrose Volunteer Artillery Corps, which then, and has ever since been, commanded by their energetic Captain, Robert Walker, Esq., was formed into an Administrative Brigade, under the command of Lieut.-Col. James Erskine Paterson, along with the corps at Dundee, Arbroath, and Broughty Ferry. In like manner, Colonel Renny Tailour, having been appointed to the command of the First Administrative Battalion of Forfarshire Rifle Volunteers, the Montrose corps were joined with the Arbroath, Brechin, and Friockheim corps, in forming that battalion. The first company of Montrose Rifles, having thus lost their commanding officer, by his promotion to the command of the battalion, were successful in securing Major James Fitzmaurice Scott of Commieston, as their Captain.

We have thus endeavoured to trace shortly the Volunteer Movement in Montrose. It has from its commencement been a great success. All the companies have been harmonious together and the greatest courtesy and kindness have been manifested by the members to each other. How different it was in 1745, when the town was at one time in possession of the Royalists, and at another held by the Rebels, who captured the Hazard sloop of war, sent to

drive them out of town. Now all are united in their allegiance to Queen Victoria. The Volunteers have been exceedingly fortunate in the selection of their commanding officers, all of whom are gentlemen in the highest sense of the term; and there are a few ardent spirits in every company, who, by their desire for perfection in drill and in shooting, stimulate the most of the others to a healthy emulation, which has, up to the present date, aided the officers and instructors of the different companies, in bringing the greater number of the members to a high state of efficiency and discipline.

In connection with the Volunteer Movement, and with the view of promoting the skill of the Volunteers as marksmen, great rifle competitions have been established in various parts of the country. In 1860, the National Rifle Association was organised, under the patronage of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Nobility, and has had its annual competitions ever since. It having occurred to several of the Volunteer Officers, that the spacious links and level fields surrounding Montrose, formed as fine shooting ranges as could be had, they resolved, also in 1860, to form a Rifle Association, which they named the "Angus and Mearns Rifle Association." This was the first Association of the kind in Scotland, and as it was originally proposed that it should be a truly National Institution, it received a large amount of support, not only from townsmen and the neighbouring gentry, but from a distance. A large number of competitors came from all parts of England and Scotland, and the Association at once took a high place among similar bodies. Since the institution of the Association, almost every large town in the kingdom has started a similar Association for itself. The effect of the increase in the number of Associations has been to reduce the attendance at the Montrose competitions of parties from a distance;

but they still attract a large number of Volunteers from the adjoining counties, and a large number of the best marksmen in the kingdom regularly attend its meetings. Our Montrose Volunteers, in trying their skill against their brethren from a distance, have hitherto found that the facilities for the rifle practice afforded by our excellent shooting ranges, have had a good effect, as they have generally been able to retain a considerable number of the prizes.

#### THE PRESS-GANG.

In the time of the French war, the town was frequently annoyed by the Press-Gang, which had its head quarters at Arbroath, although a tender would sometimes lie off at the water-mouth or come into the harbour. On one of these occasions, Captain James Greig of the "Southesk" was learning navigation at Christison's school in Crawford's close, when hearing of the Press-Gang he and another took out the lower sash of the window, and down the close they went, and never halted till they got to Laurencekirk. Mr Greig lived three weeks in a hut in the woods of Kinnaird. How different now ! the young sailors volunteer their services, and go to Dundee and Aberdeen to be drilled, for which they get 30s. a quarter, besides a guinea a week when on drill, which lasts 4 weeks in the year.

## CHAPTER XX.

## The Harbour.

THE Harbour is formed by the outlet of the river South-esk, which falls into the sea between the rocky point of Scurdy Ness on the south, and the Annat Sands, which forms a natural breakwater, on the north, leaving a channel between of 171 yards wide, with a depth of 18 feet at high water of spring tides, and 15 feet at neap tides up to the quay. A Wet Dock was constructed in 1839,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres in extent, and with a depth of water of  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet over the sill at high water of spring tides, and 16 feet in neap tides. "The value of such a dock to the public," says an Admiralty Report in 1850, "was recently proved by H.M. Steamer 'Stromboli,' of 910 tons, having entered the dock to coal at neap tides, which could not at that time have been done at any other port on the east coast of Great Britain, with the exception of Dundee. The dock quays afford 1500 feet of wharfage, and the river quays 1700 yards more. There are two good lighthouses between the harbour and the sea, a patent slip for repairing vessels, a well-found life-boat, and two steam-tugs. The harbour accommodation having become too limited for the increasing trade, a Bill is before Parliament for making a great addition to the wet dock. It is thought that a stone pier on the north side of the river at the entrance, would do much for the safety of ships, and the removal of the cross dykes would deepen the channel; and were a lighthouse erected at Scurdy Ness, there would not be a better Harbour of Refuge on the east coast.

Our excellent shore-master, Mr John Smith, has furnished me with a correct account of the imports and exports from 1860 till last year. The falling off in grain and other articles arises from large quantities which were formerly shipped being now sent by rail.

## IMPORTS.

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
Flax—Tons .....	3200	2674	3084	3343	3414	3936
Coals—Tons .....	52547	49962	52215	53373	57593	63849
Timber—Loads .....	24789	25708	30249	39530	50016	45658
Herrings—Barrels.....	2873	6353	8393	7379	11317	9932
Guano—Tons .....	1711	1833	1901	1200	1666	1931
Wheat—Qrs.....	9851	22679	18082	26390	27136	19506

## EXPORTS.

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
Wheat—Qrs.....	2710	5769	3796	10758	1724	1570
Barley— „ .....	15717	11365	10305	6700	10345	11522
Oats— „ .....	5602	4074	1411	2442	8474	32491
Wood—Loads .....	11238	14391	18241	20893	24573	26433
Potatoes—Bolls.....	28997	47497	33477	20171	39788	39280

The number of Vessels which entered the Harbour was }	809	877	918	1041	1057	1060
FOREIGN—						
Belonging to Mon-trose—Tons..... }	5731	4830	5230	6450	7310	7470
Not belonging to do. Tons..... }	22072	22211	23199	30672	34577	33012
COASTING—						
Belonging to Mon-trose—Tons..... }	34567	41092	42335	43393	47502	53533
Not belonging to do. Tons..... }	12933	10363	11041	16485	13860	14522
Total tonnage entered Harbour..... }	75303	98496	81805	97000	103249	108537



## CHAPTER XXI.

## Asylum, Infirmary, and Howden's House of Refuge.

## ASYLUM.

**T**HIS far famed Asylum, for the treatment and cure of lunacy, instituted in 1782, is situated in the south links, near the Wet Dock; but its proximity to such a noisy and bustling scene being thought unfavourable to the patients, and these being on the increase, it was thought better to build a New Asylum, than to make any more additions to the old one, as had to be done more than once before. The New Asylum at Sunnyside was accordingly built in 1857, at a cost for the buildings of £27,513 7s. 5d and for the furniture of £2558 15s., besides Dr. Howden the superintendent's house, £1218 19s, farm stock, £496, and carriages and horses, £78. The patients, according to the Report for 1865, were distributed as follows, viz. : 361 at Sunnyside, and 60 at Montrose Old Asylum. Patients came so far as from Caithness and Shetland. 58 Patients in all were admitted last year, being a less number than for several former years, as to which Dr. Howden remarks "That it would be gratifying if this change was an index of the decrease of insanity, and no doubt the continued tranquility and prosperity of the country must have a certain influence on the mental health of the people; but the fact that additional asylum accommodation has been erected in connection with Dundee Poors' Houses, must be looked to as the main cause of the decrease." In another part he says "the proportion of recoveries to the admissions is large this year, being as 48

nearly to every 100. This ratio is higher than usual, because the admissions are fewer ; and a large proportion of recoveries took place of course in cases admitted last year, 1864. It is gratifying that the list includes several cases of long standing. Twelve had been nearly two years, one three, one five, and one six years resident in the Asylum. On the other hand, two men recovered under two months, and a man, and two women under three months." Every effort is made for their recovery by amusements, indoor and outdoor, farm work, excursions to the country, as far as Edzell sometimes, where I danced with them on the castle-green in summer.

## INFIRMARY.

The Infirmary, under the medical superintendence of Drs. Johnston and Lawrence, is a most excellent and useful Institution, and deserving of every encouragement and support. The Medical Report of last year says, "The number of patients admitted during the past year has been 276, being an increase of 13 over the number received during the previous year. Ten cases of small pox have been under treatment during the past 12 months, all with one exception (that of a sailor), having occurred in the town. The last cured of the disease was brought into the house in December, and it may therefore be considered that this epidemic has now exhausted itself. During the 18 months over which the admissions of small pox were spread, much annoyance and inconvenience were experienced from the fact, that it was necessary to receive into the same wards, at the same time, patients labouring under this disease and fever. The result was, that many of those treated for fever, during their convalescence, contracted small pox and *vice versa*. This will now be thoroughly remedied by the two new wards now in course of erection, which are as completely isolated from the other parts of the establishment as possible. Along with

the improvements alluded to, a new washing-house is being erected at the back of the garden, and this must likewise greatly improve the sanitary condition of the Infirmary." The expense of the above, Mr Cooke reports, amounts to £850, towards which sum £650 have been subscribed, leaving £200 still to be raised.

#### DORWARD'S HOUSE OF REFUGE.

The building for this benevolent Institution, which is of the Elizabethan style of architecture, was founded in the year 1838, and completed the following year, at an expense of £2000, but was afterwards enlarged. It was founded and endowed by the late William Dorward, Esq., merchant in Montrose. There was a grand procession of the public bodies, schools, &c., and the fishermen of Ferryden, headed by Dr Brewster, on the day of its foundation being laid. Mr Dorward lived for about ten years after it was built, and had the happiness to see the purposes of his benevolent mind so far carried into execution. It is under the management of 24 Trustees. It is provided for the reception, maintenance, care, and employment, of such a number of poor, infirm, and indigent old persons, and orphan children belonging to the town and parish of Montrose, including old worn-out and decayed pauper fishermen or orphan children, belonging to the village of Ferryden, as the size of the building would admit. The portrait of the founder is hung over the fire-place of the dining-hall, and has under it the following inscription:—"William Dorward, Esquire, the benevolent founder of this institution, died 10th April, 1848, aged 83. To erect and endow which, he gave and bequeathed £26,000." In 1851 the number of inmates was 109, of which 28 were men, 30 women, and 81 boys, being the greatest number that the house could admit; now April, 1866, the inmates are 24 men, 24

women, 28 boys, 16 girls—total, 92. The House of Refuge and buildings are valued at £3534.

There is a chaplain who has £10 salary, and a medical attendant at £12. The ground in front forms a fine approach to the house, and on both sides and behind is cultivated as a garden by such as are able to work. The whole, both inside and out, wears an air of comfort and good arrangement, very creditable to the superintendent, Mr John Smith and his wife, who have held their present situations since the departure of Mr Christie, who succeeded Mr Robert Moodie, the first superintendent. Besides what is given in the House of Refuge, there is an annual gift to the Soup Kitchen of £50, coals, £25, Destitute Sick Society, £10.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## The Meal Mob.

**T**HE riot and uproar that took place in this quiet town, on the eventful day of the Meal-Mob, will be in the recollection of many of the old inhabitants. It rose to such a height that the Sheriff had to be sent for, and the riot act read in three different parts of the town, and a great band of special constables were sworn in. It was in Provost Thom's time; but it might have been said that Meg Inglis was Provost that day, for every thing went on by her direction. She summoned the crew, and had the fish wives of Ferryden drawn up in line of battle, parading the town, and tooting their horns. Rob Ruxton was the ringleader among the men, and went up to Brechin, blowing his horn, to bring them down to help the fray. For the part he took, he was sent to the hulks, and some say transported for seven years. He went to conceal himself somewhere over the water, but had not gone far enough, and was discovered. There being no free trade in corn in those days, the price of meal, which was then more than now, the staff of life had risen very high, and was out of reach of the common people. Sometimes when there was no riot, there would have been such crowds waiting for supplies at the meal-market, that, to get their turn sooner, some threw their meal pocks over the heads of the mob, with their money tied up. John Davidson, auctioneer, being at that time at Hatton Mill, was sent by his master with a cart-load of meal to Dundee, where a meeting had been held the day before by the dealers, who let it down

2s. a peck. On his return home, his master told him he must immediately go to Montrose with another load. But being wearied with his journey, and having got neither meat nor sleep from the time he had left home, he said he could not go; the horse too wanted rest and meat; but after waiting an hour, he sets off, and supplies the dealers, James Croal, James Reid, and another. By that time a mob had begun to gather, and the women hung into him, and nearly tore the pockets off his jacket; but having a strong horse, he got out of their reach, and when delivering the meal, the women, overhearing him tell the news from Dundee that the meal was cheaper there—for he made no secret of it, as it was nothing to him, being only a servant—they got so enraged, that they were like to tear the man in the New Wynd to pieces. The hurry went on ever after, and the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, till it ended in real earnest—stones were thrown and windows broken; the streets and wynds leading to the shore were barricaded with boats and carts laid across to prevent corn being shipped. “Tillygorum” was to ship potatoes at the time; but the women pelted him with them, and Rob Ruxton hit him with a brick on the back; others of them were put in jail, both men and women. The riot act was read, and special constables sworn in, who met in Provost Burnes’s garden, where they got bread and cheese and porter; and the boys from the school got in, and at it they went, and helped themselves to the bread and cheese. Johnnie Baillie, farmer, Barnyards, old Montrose, took refuge in Calvert’s school from the fury of the mob; a stone was thrown in at the window after him, and he was let out at the back window, and through the Bowling-green, to get home. D. Scott, Balwylo, going home on horseback, was set upon by a woman at the Mall. He dismounted and went in pursuit, and when he got up with her, gave her a good whipping. A farmer was

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going down the fish-market Wynd after his carts, when Meg Inglis seized him, and forced him in at the upper door of the fish market, and sharpening the knife that she sheeled the mussels with, threatened to stab him; she, however, pardoned him. Mrs Black, a tenant farmer in her own right at Old Montrose, had to ride home through the Backsands for fear of being mobbed. When Provost Thom read the riot act on the Windmill Hill, Meg Inglis said, "Awa' wi' ye, Provost; will ye read it, looksye, afore me very face, sye?" She quenched his oratory with a mouthful of gutters. The Provost ordered the constables to do their duty; but Meg and her forces routed the whole brigade.

The author of the following song (which I think numbered about twenty verses), was Andrew Rough the gravedigger, who was not a little vain of his composition, and was always ready and willing to sing it when asked:—

(AIR—"Tam Glen.")

"A reward o' twa hunder shillins,  
Was offer'd for'im dead or alive;  
But I'm sure my dear friends had you seen him,  
For him you wud scarcely gien five!

"But a rascal for greed o' the siller,  
Tauld whaur the poor tailor was hoddin,  
An' a party o' sodgers gaed owre,  
An' they caught the puir brute at the Boddin."

#### THE FOUNDRIES.

There are three Foundries in Montrose, viz.: (1.)—The Montrose Foundry Company, which employs about 50 men and boys, and has in connection with it Mr Jack and son, who have great skill in machinery. Its near proximity to

the ship-building yard of Messrs Joseph Birnie & Co., may be a great advantage to that Company, as they intend adding iron ship-building to their present flourishing business. All who wish well to the prosperity of Montrose, must hail such an enterprise, which tends to give enlargement and scope to its vast capabilities, as a shipping, commercial, and manufacturing town. (2.)—The Links Foundry, Messrs Joseph Kerr & Co., who employ about the same number of men and boys, and manufacture articles from a plough-board to a steam-engine. (3.)—The Melville Lane Foundry, carried on by Mr Douglas and Sons, themselves all workmen, besides others, in all amounting to 12.

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POPULATION.

*Extracted from Council Records.*

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Population of the Parish of Montrose in 1861,...	6615	8933	15548
Ancient Royalty, .....	5675	7768	13443
Parliamentary Burgh beyond Ancient Burgh, ...	482	638	1120
	6157	8406	14563





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